

# The TATLER

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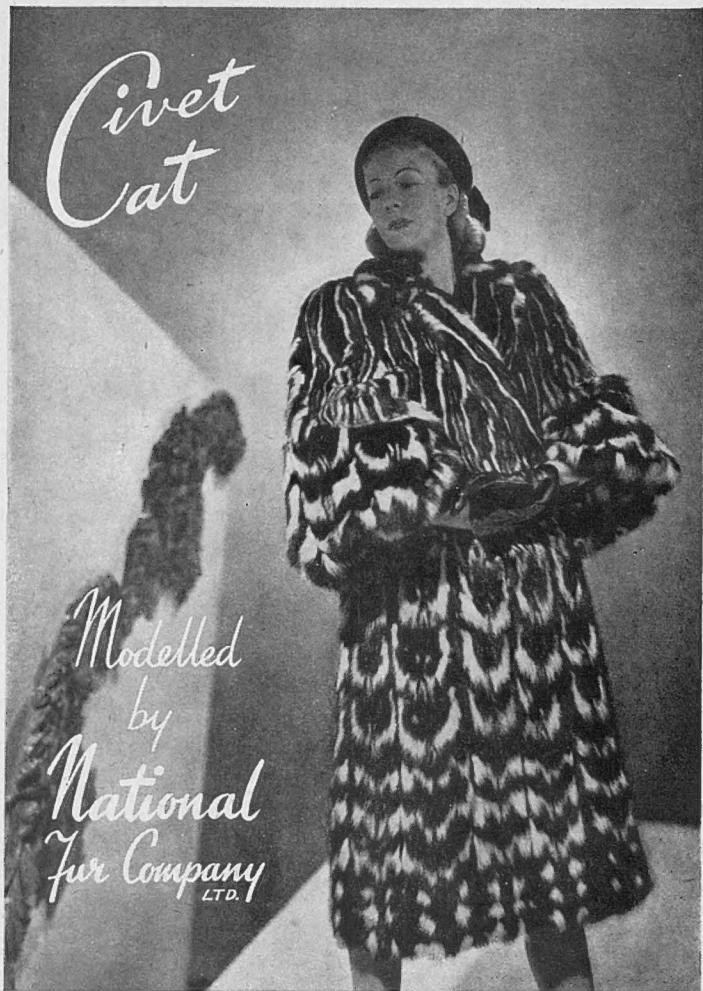
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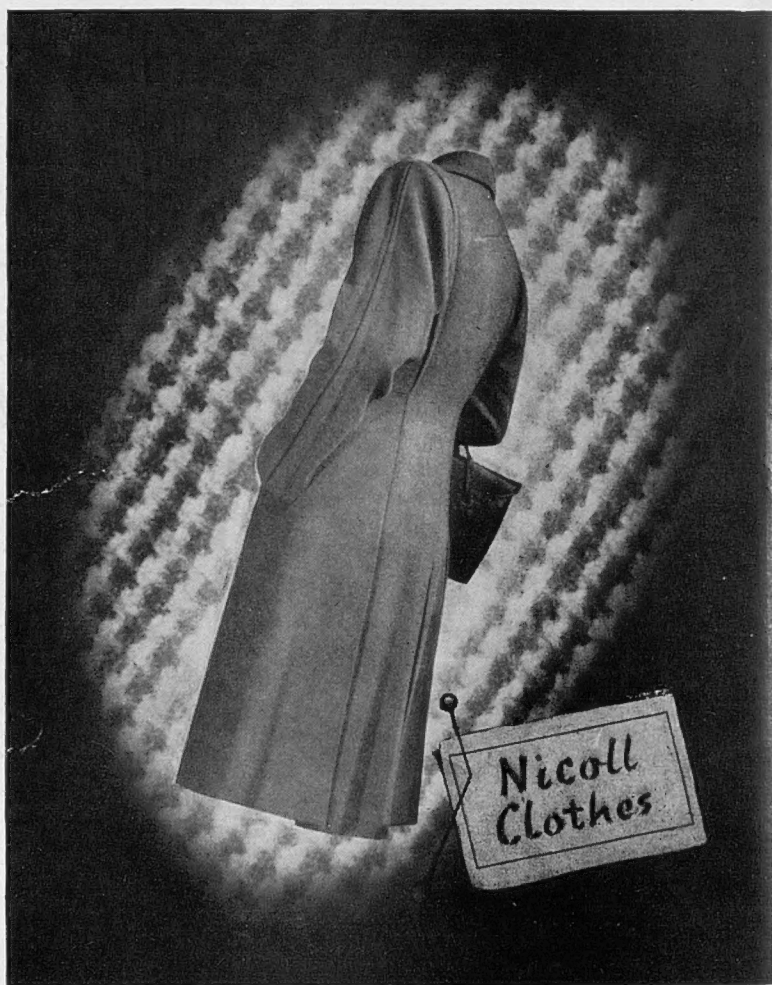
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THE  
**TATLER**  
and BYSTANDER

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F. J. Goodman

## VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED CHARITIES' BALL

Mrs. S. L. Simpson is the wife of Dr. S. L. Simpson, the eminent authority on industrial psychology. Before her marriage in 1940 she was Heddy Monique, Baroness de Podmaniczky. She is an indefatigable worker for charity, and is Vice-President of the United Charities' Ball to be held at the Dorchester on December 1. During the war she organized many receptions for officers and members of the Diplomatic Corps of our Allies. The Simpsons have one daughter, Georgina, aged eighteen months





## Please to Remember . . .

IF the old dealer in coal had not decided to remove his black diamonds to a place where the rent was cheaper by a few pennies a week, the Gunpowder Plot could never have come so near to success; indeed, it would probably have been abandoned in its infancy. And thus, the small children who this day roam the streets of the country seeking "Tuppence for the guy, mister," would have been denied a cause for their patent robbery. Furthermore, there would have been no bonfires, no fireworks, no jollification whatsoever—none, that is, to celebrate the Fifth of November.

But the old coal dealer was a miserly fellow, and his close fists turned the scales of history.

I doubt whether many will give him so much as a passing thought tonight. Few will even cast about in their minds for a memory of the facts of the Gunpowder Plot and the dark machinations attaching thereto. It will be enough for them to watch the rockets soaring into the night sky, to stamp their feet against the cold whilst bathed in the lurid light of roman candles, or to clasp their hands about a bag of roast chestnuts as the set-pieces hiss and whirl and spark. It cannot, however, be to our disadvantage to look down the years occasionally—or to regard this as one such occasion.

\* \* \*

THE originator of the Gunpowder Plot was Robert Catesby, a gentleman of ancient family and graduate of Oxford University, who, at one time, had become a Protestant. Reconverted to the Roman Catholic faith, he endeavoured to atone for his apostasy by the fervour of a new zeal. His was an age of plot and counter-plot and one when the deep passions of men were easy to rouse. Violence and the whole gamut of crime marched, boldly illumed, in as ruddy a glow as may be imagined. Catesby revolved in his mind a project for destroying at one blow the King, the Lords and the Commons, and the more he thought upon it the more did it seem to him to be the ideal solution to the war between those of his faith and those who protested against it.

Cold winds were whistling over the country's sombre face when, on a January night (1604), he sought the company of his cousin, Thomas Winter of Worcester, and laid bare to him his plot for the destruction of Parliament House and those who sat therein. At first his whispered words caused fear and horror to mount in Winter's breast; but he would not be put off. He pleaded, he argued—and the voice of the anarchist won. Winter roped in Guy Fawkes,

a ferocious fanatic, and others slowly came into the net until the day came when all assembled in a secluded house in Lambeth where oaths of secrecy were taken. One of the party, Thomas Percy, who was a distant relative of the Earl of Northumberland, and also a gentleman-pensioner at the Court of King James, agreed to hire a house adjoining the building where Parliament met and it was resolved to effect the purpose of blowing the legislature sky-high by carrying a mine through the wall.

The year wore on. There were difficulties, mistakes, and some recriminations. Thus, it was not until the month of December that operations were commenced. Stocks of food and drink had been accumulated in the house which Percy had hired so that none of the toilers needed to go out for victuals. Their soft hands, unused to heavy work, became corned and grime-encrusted, for the barrier which faced them was of immense thickness. But they strove on in silence and anxiety.

Then came a day when the fear that was

within them rose suddenly and violently; they heard, or thought they heard, the tolling of a bell deep in the ground below Parliament House. There were dry mouths, sweating palms and limbs that trembled as with an ague. Nor were these conditions improved when, the tolling having stopped, there came a harsh rumbling immediately above their heads. It was bearded Guy Fawkes who screwed up his courage and went out to learn the cause of the uproar and, returning, broke thrilling news. He had found the old coal dealer who, having rented a cellar beneath the House of Lords and considering the rent too high, was now engaged in removing his stocks.

\* \* \*

WHAT more golden opportunity ever presented itself to a band of weary conspirators? What evil light ever gleamed more brightly in the murk that always surrounds the plotter's mole-like life than this one?

It took but little time to do a deal with the old coal merchant and convince him, with gold, to keep his trap shut. Very soon—the original mine being at once abandoned—the thirty-six barrels of gunpowder which had been accumulated in a house on the opposite side of the river, were secretly brought across and stacked in the cellar. Large stones and bars of iron were thrown in to increase the destructive force of the explosion and the whole was carefully covered with faggots of wood. These preparations were completed during the month of May, 1605, and the confederates then separated until the final blow could be struck.

The time fixed for this was, at first, 3 October, the day on which the legislature should meet; but the King decided to prorogue the opening of Parliament on the Fifth of November, which therefore became D (or P) Day.

\* \* \*

EXTENSIVE preparations had been made during the summer months, both towards carrying the design into execution, and arranging the course to be followed after the explosion. New confederates were brought in and one of these, Sir Everard Digby, agreed to assemble his Catholic friends at Dunsmore Heath, in Warwickshire, as if for a hunting party on the Fifth. The deed done, they were to be in full readiness to complete the revolution thus inaugurated and settle a new sovereign upon the throne. The proposed successor to James was Prince Charles—afterwards Charles I—seeing that his elder brother, Henry, Prince

## BRIGGS—by Graham



"But NOT between my pantry and the dining-room, understand?"



of Wales, would be accompanying his father to the House of Lords and would there perish along with him. In the event of it being found impossible to lay hands upon Prince Charles, the plan allowed for the seizure of his sister, Princess Elizabeth, and her abduction to a place of security.

The fatal day was now close at hand; but in the breasts of at least some of the conspirators, there arose doubts and fears. Some wished to give special warning to dear friends to absent themselves from the next meeting of Parliament. Against this, Catesby, now in the full flood of grim earnestness, spoke bitterly and at length. Few Catholics would be present, he claimed, and, "rather than that the project should not take effect, if they were as dear to me as mine own son, they must also be blown up." A similar stoicism was not, however, shared by the majority and one of them, at least, made a communication by which the plot was discovered to the Government and its execution prevented.

Great mystery attaches to the celebrated anonymous letter received on the evening of 26 October by Lord Mounteagle, a Roman Catholic nobleman, and brother-in-law of Francis Tresham, one of the conspirators. Its authorship is ascribed, with great probability, to Tresham, but strong presumptions exist that it was not the only channel by which the King's ministers received intelligence of the scheme.

\* \* \*

DAY by day the drama marched on. A servant of Lord Mounteagle is said to have disclosed to Catesby that he had been betrayed. Yet, with a singular persistence, the preparations were pushed forward—possibly in the mistaken hope that the true nature of the plot was still not yet fully unfolded. Even after Suffolk, the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Mounteagle, had actually, on the afternoon of Monday, 4 November, visited the cellar beneath the House of Lords and there discovered Guy Fawkes lurking in a corner pretending to be a servant of Mr. Percy, the tenant of the vault, it was still determined to persist with the undertaking.

Were then these men utterly mad? It would seem so. At two o'clock the following morning a party of soldiers under the command of Sir Thomas Knevet, a Westminster magistrate, visited the cellar, seized Fawkes at the door, and carried him off to Whitehall. There, in the royal bedchamber, he was interrogated by the King and his Council, and from thence was conveyed to the Tower.

The game was up. On hearing of Fawkes's arrest the remainder of the conspirators—with the exception of Tresham—fled from London, and headed towards the place of rendezvous in Warwickshire. Pursued, they were overtaken at the mansion of Holbeach, on the borders of Staffordshire, where Catesby and three others, refusing to surrender, were slain where they stood. Leniency could hardly be expected by the others and all the horrid ceremonies attending the deaths of traitors were observed to the fullest extent. The executions took place on the 30 and 31 January at the west end of St. Paul's Churchyard

\* \* \*

IT is in no way out of order that the foregoing should be set down as refreshment to the memory. For we are a forgetful people in respect of our own history, and the times in which we live demand that this should (on occasions) be corrected.

**Sean Fielding**

## AESOP'S FEEBLES

Q. BROWN, R.A.

For forty years Q. Brown, R.A.  
Had painted fruit and meat and fish—  
Still Life . . . you know, a mixed display  
Heaped up together on a dish.  
Nobody limned a subtler steak  
Or put more rhythm into hake;  
He loved it, though it really didn't pay.

But when the war came, what a fall!  
At first he managed to make do  
By painting the same things, but small,  
But as Lord Woolton turned the screw  
Most of his models disappeared  
Until the day came, as he feared,  
When there was nothing paintable at all.

He did his best with bits of Spam  
And processed cheese and things in tins  
But what he needed was a ham,  
A salmon with a tail and fins,  
A lobster red in tooth and claw . . .  
Something artistically raw  
And *not* a soulless, dehydrated sham.

At last, so parlous was his state,  
He did a portrait of his wife  
Which could not but incorporate  
The things he'd painted all his life;  
She came out, like a sole, quite flat  
With sixteen oysters for a hat . . .  
*Completely* mad. They bought it for the Tate.

**Immoral:** Divorce should be made easier.

—Justin Richardson.



**MR. DUFF COOPER** was among the guests at a shoot at the Castle of Rambouillet, when President Vincent Auriol was host to members of the Diplomatic Corps at the summer residence of his family. The British Ambassador in Paris, whose retirement has recently been announced, was appointed in 1944. His successor is Sir Oliver Harvey, Deputy Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office





## SHOW GUIDE

### Straight Plays

**ALDWYCH—Peace In Our Time.** Noel Coward's imaginative study of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

**APOLLO—Trespass.** Emlyn Williams's dramatic excursion into the supernatural with the author in the principal role, and Mary Hinton.

**DUCHESS—The Linden Tree.** The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley. Brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson.

**FORTUNE—Fly Away Peter.** J. H. Roberts, mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

**GARRICK—Born Yesterday.** Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

**HAYMARKET—Present Laughter.** Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

**LYRIC—Edward, My Son.** Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-47. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley.

**MERCURY—Happy As Larry.** By Donagh MacDonagh. An original Irish comedy in verse, brilliantly written and acted.

**NEW—The Old Vic Theatre Company in The Taming of the Shrew,** with Trevor Howard and Patricia Burke. November 17.—**Richard II,** with Alec Guinness.

**PHOENIX—Dr. Angelus.** By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

**PICCADILLY—Off the Record.** This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Jack Allen, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

**SAVILLE—Noose.** Reginald Tate, black in heart and market, provides a thrilling evening of full-speed melodrama.

**SAVOY—Life With Father.** The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

**STRAND—Separate Rooms.** Frances Day in a bright American farce with Hal Thompson.

**VAUDEVILLE—The Chiltern Hundreds.** A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley brilliantly burlesque the political scene and the art of *noblesse oblige*.

**WYNDHAM'S. You Never Can Tell.** Spirited revival of G. B. Shaw's comedy with Rosamund John and James Donald.

### With Music

**ADELPHI—Bless the Bride.** C. B. Cochran's light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis, with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

**AMBASSADORS—Sweetest and Lowest.** Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

**COLISEUM—Annie, Get Your Gun.** Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

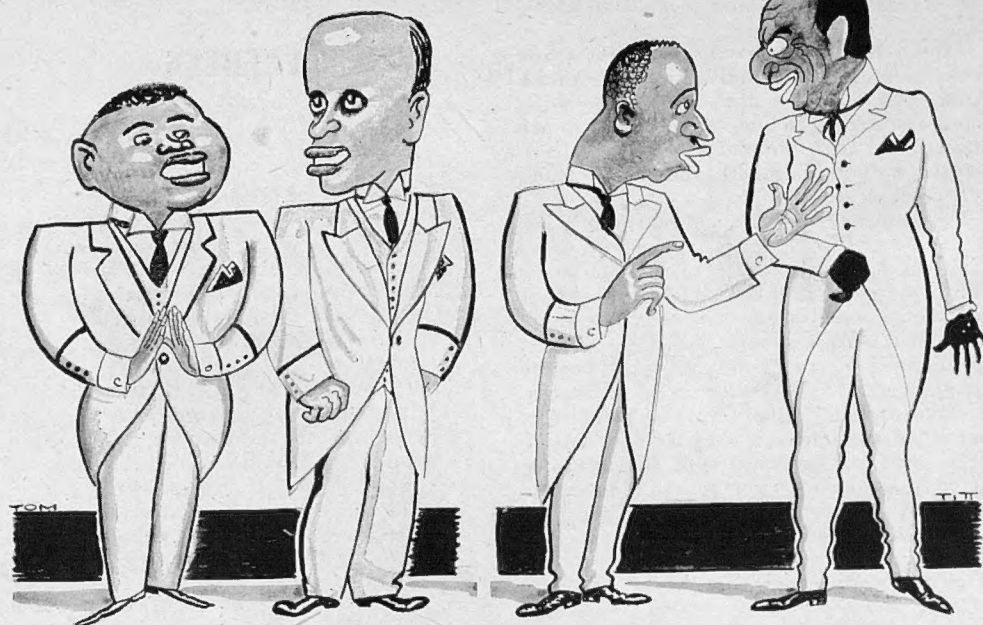
**DRURY LANE—Oklahoma!** Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

**DUKE OF YORK'S—One, Two, Three.** Binnie and Sonnie Hale and Charles Heslop play a dozen or so parts perfectly in this new revue.

**GLOBE—Tuppence Coloured.** Wit, sparkle and song supplied most adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian.

**PRINCE OF WALES—Piccadilly Hayride.** In which Sid Field with a decorative and able cast delights the eye and ear.

**PRINCES—The Dubarry.** Irene Manning in a luxurious revival of this favourite pre-war musical.



*The Passion Pilgrim Gospels (John Roosevelt Bouie, Hubert Dilworth and William Prescott) find an unexpected convert and fellow-warbler in the person of Senator Billboard Rawkins (Frank Royde), anti-Negro campaigner, who has been "struck black" by the power of the magic crock*

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



*Woody Mahoney (Alan Gilbert), who sings loud songs to Finian's daughter with the assistance of a small mandolin*

## At the

### "Finian's Rainbow"

THE latest American musical comedy to reach us was surely not made for export. In its country of origin it has been received as an exciting successor to *Oklahoma!* and *Annie*; but here, for a variety of reasons, it merely suggests that the new style, which was to sweep English musical comedy away, is already beginning to degenerate into feeble imitations of itself.

It is an elaborately mounted show, the white and coloured chorus can be trusted to keep the stage tinglingly alive while they are on it, there are three (possibly four) pleasant songs and about the same number of successful dances by individual performers. Perhaps this is as much as most people expect of a musical comedy, and if the story were an airy trifle and the humour agreeably so-so there would certainly be no need to look the big new gift horse in the mouth. But the story, which naively pretends to be Irish fantasy and is three parts American hokum, is both obtrusive and difficult, and the humour is of the brand that does not travel. The few jokes that have an international character mostly poke rather tactless fun at the British, so that we seem to be overhearing rough chaff not intended for our ears. The rest are about the Republican party, the New York multiple stores, characters known only to readers of the magazine *Esquire*, and much else so far outside our insular experience that we rarely get beyond polite laughter.

IT would be tedious to enter into complications of the excessively whimsical parable about an Irish immigrant in the Deep South, his colleen daughter, a leprechaun and a crock of gold buried where the rainbow ends or thereabouts. The leprechaun parted from the magic crock slowly sheds his immortality, at first unwillingly and then rapturously, for



## BACKSTAGE



As an indication of general theatre prosperity I may mention that *Bless the Bride* is taking £4,600 a week regularly at the Adelphi, and that a recent matinee broke the record of the house with £560.

Outstanding moneymakers, of course, are *Oklahoma!* at Drury Lane and *Annie, Get Your Gun* at the Coliseum, where advance bookings extend as far ahead as next May. Manager Sam Harbour says that such business surpasses anything in his twenty-five years' experience.

Another steady money-spinner is *Off the Record*, which reaches its 200th performance at the Piccadilly on November 17. It is drawing about £3,000 weekly. *The Linden Tree*, which has its 100th performance next Tuesday at the Duchess, is taking £2,000 weekly and, as one of the management says, looks like running for ever. It is, at any rate, one of Priestley's biggest successes. Sir Lewis Casson who plays the professor so brilliantly says he doesn't like long runs. However, he adds: "As a man who pays his bills I welcome them."

THE Ben Travers farce *Outrageous Fortune* with Ralph Lynn as a ne'er-do-well grandson of a rich, cantankerous old man and Robertson Hare as a prim steward opens at the Winter Garden Theatre on November 13. This is Hare's own choice for thirteen is his lucky number. This is the first time these admirable comedians have appeared together since the good old days at the Aldwych.

Enid Lowe, Joan Lang and Rona Laurie supply the feminine interest.

BEFORE touring Canada and the United States the Dublin Gate Theatre, starring Hylton Edwards and Micael Macliammoir are opening a three weeks' season at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage on December 2. Their repertory will include Shaw's *John Bull's Other Island*, *Portrait of Miriam* by Micael Macliammoir, and *The Old Lady Said No* by Denis Johnston.

Anthony Hawtrey, by the way, tells me that he has entered into a contract to send out a series of companies to tour Canada and the States. Each play will make a twelve-week tour, and the first will go out in February.

TWENTY-FOUR years old Patricia Hughes, who was recently picked out of the chorus to play the leading role in *The Snow Maiden* at Sadler's Wells, provides a striking example of luck and versatility.

This attractive, dark-eyed London girl set out originally to be a pianist, for from Kensington High School she won a scholarship in 1940 at the Royal College of Music and studied under Cyril Smith, winning the Dannreuther prize in 1943. She played Juliet in a school production of Shakespeare and varied things by taking ballet lessons.

When a friend advised her that her voice was worth training she studied under Elena Gerhardt, and joined the Sadler's Wells chorus last season. Her good looks and personality attracted attention and her future as an operatic principal is full of promise.

IT takes twenty tons of ice to cover the skating surface on which about seventy-five people disport themselves in Tom Arnold's *Stars on Ice* at the Stoll Theatre. Wonderful as the spectacle is, it is not more wonderful than the engineering feat by which the ice surface is constructed and maintained in spite of a lot of wear and tear.

The man chiefly responsible is Hans Witte, who, once a comedy skater, has been associated with the construction of ice rinks for forty-five years, and is one of the world's leading experts in the business. He invented the portable rink which enables Tom Arnold to send out skating shows on tour. Thus his *Ice Revue* which ran for a year at the Stoll opens a tour at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, next month and goes to Edinburgh (with Cecilia Colledge as principal star) for the Christmas season. Another company, consisting mostly of British skaters, is touring the Continent.

Witte, helped by eight engineers, constructed the ice rink at the Stoll. It is an intricate affair necessitating the use of a mile of copper piping, and before the surface was flooded and frozen five tons of crushed ice had to be laid down as a basis.

*Beaumont Kent.*



*Sprightly Og, the leprechaun (Alfie Bass), indulging in a solitary hornpipe, attracts the attention of another dancer, Susan Mahoney (Beryl Kaye), with a purposeful look in her eye*

*Finian McLonergan (Patrick J. Kelly) has buried his pot of gold in the New World but its owner, the leprechaun, is not deceived*

# Theatre

(Palace)

it becomes clear to him that immortality is well lost for the sake of human love. The colleen daughter finds a manly fellow to sing with her again and again the prettily set "If this isn't Love." And the immigrant who has stolen the crock learns for himself that trouble awaits those who meddle with the pixie's secrets.

THE whole thing is strongly reminiscent of the Christmas plays for children with which we are all familiar, except that in this American version the Celtic twilight and the blarney appear tiresomely bogus. We begin to feel as baffled as foreigners are reported to feel when faced with the brazen inconsequence of English pantomime, and the most striking trick which the magic crock plays with its wrongful owners reinforces the Christmas atmosphere. An intolerant colour-conscious senator is turned by an inadvertent wish into a Negro. In America this may have been a pleasingly novel incident; here we cannot but be reminded of the Cockney soldier in Mr. Darlington's Christmas classic who, surprised by the appearance of the genie, cried, "Strike me pink!" and was so struck.

The authors aim at and miss the fantastic, but Mr. Alfie Bass as the leprechaun and Miss Beryl Kaye as a deaf and dumb human hit it off delightfully in their dancing. Miss Beryl Seton, hardly strong enough vocally, is an exceedingly pretty colleen, and Mr. Alan Gilbert brings a sturdy voice to their partnership, but the strength of the entertainment is in the work of the chorus, especially in the Negro half of it. Mr. Patrick Kelly, fetched from America at the last moment to take Mr. Arthur Sinclair's place, makes a tactful, if somewhat dim figure of the hero, some of whose lines would have suited Mr. Sinclair perfectly.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



*Sharon McLonergan (Beryl Seton), her father's only pride and joy, replies in dulcet numbers to her adorer's earth-shaking serenades*



Freda Bruce Lockhart



Jean Lodge of Hull is featured in Michael Balcon's forthcoming "Saraband for Dead Lovers." She was spotted in a Windsor Repertory play

# At The Pictures

## A Touch of Civilization

THE commercial cinema has come to resemble that great country which was said to have gone from barbarism to decadence without passing through the intervening stage of civilization. So two films, one Italian, one British, with civilized preoccupations are decidedly refreshing.

It is ironic, and may be salutary, to find that the most civilized films to emerge from the late war are being made by our ex-enemies the Italians. To audiences surfeited with the phony Hollywood version of occupied Europe, and war-weary to the point where any sort of war film is anathematized as "poison at the box office," Italy sends films of Nazi occupation which, judging by the first two which have been shown in London, restore faith in more than the cinema.

Italy's contribution depends not at all on technical prowess or directorial fireworks. There is something almost primitive about the photography of *Open City*, which had a long run in the summer at the Rialto, and of *Vivere in Pace* (or *To Live in Peace*) now showing at the Curzon. Their direction by, respectively, Rossellini and Zampi, is unaffected and straightforward. What both Italian films offer us faithful filmgoers to revive our spirits is a different point of view, a simpler and more humane sense of values than we are accustomed to on the screen. The point of *Open City* was not the German brutality, but the background of ordinary human living, more precious for being threatened.

THERE is practically no brutality, almost no war in *Vivere in Pace*, which is set in an enchanting village too small, too far back of beyond to be thought worth more than one German N.C.O.—with his field telephone—and of course the local Fascist Party secretary. We feel the German menace in the background: in the barking of the dog, the scattering of the pigs when the solitary German puts his nose round the corner, in the threatening posters he and his Fascist colleague plaster on the walls (the sub-titlers might really have translated one). But foursquare in the foreground are the villagers, the priest, the doctor, the deserter, above all the peasant farmer Tigna and his family; who don't care overmuch—if the truth be told, as it pretty nearly is—who wins the war, if only they can be left to live in peace; but who are prepared to risk their lives—as hundreds of such Italian peasants did—to protect fugitives.

Uncle Tigna (Aldo Fabrizi, the wonderful actor we saw as the priest in *Open City*) knows quite well what it may mean when his young niece and nephew find two American soldiers in the woods. But the Negro one is wounded and for Tigna there can be quite simply no question but that they must be hidden and cared for. If the children go without their supper to feed the G.I.s, Uncle Tigna will bring them something in bed. There is no fuss, no heroics. None of these Italian peasants is cut out to be a hero; they are cut out to cultivate their gardens, to milk their cows, tend their sheep, keep track of their pigs. They are all faintly absurd, as human beings are wont to be. When danger materializes in a visit from the German garrison of one, it takes the form of hysterical slapstick. Joe, the Negro, gets rowdy drunk in his hide-out and the whole family, including stern Mamma (Ave Ninchi), has to make all the noise an Italian family can make to drown his shoutings and thumpings. All in vain, and when Joe breaks out the German has to be made as drunk as Joe, to accompany him reeling in drunken conviviality up the village street.

How much will the German remember on the morning after? The procession of inhabitants, with their ox-carts and chattels, decamping out of reach of possible reprisals, has an exotic appearance. But the evacuees' gentle complaining at domestic upheaval is painfully familiar. It is the lean and fussy parish priest who stays behind to face the reviving German and to signal the reactions on the church bells to his flock above in the hills.

The chaos of Allied victory, the fatal parting German shots are, we are made to feel, only a painful interruption into this age-old pastoral civilization. I would not at all pretend that this quite modest film is without imperfections: the nascent romance between Tigna's little niece and the white American is too nebulous to be necessary; Uncle Tigna's own deathbed (after unusually slapdash work by a mobile squad of four Germans), where he lies clasping packets of American tobacco to his bosom, is a sentimentalism of the kind the film seldom permits itself. To some people the tragi-slapstick form may seem objectionable. I found it legitimate and even realistic; as I found a few rough edges irrelevant to the film's detached presentation of a community where courage seems only incidental to humble kindness.

"ARE you civilized?" a young Brazilian Indian outlaw (Sabu) asks his bride-to-be on the banks of the Amazon in *The End of the River* (at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and the Pavilion, Marble Arch). He disclaims any such pretensions for himself: "I have only just learned their language. Why, you wouldn't believe it,

but a year ago I had hardly heard of the white people. Oh, no! I'm not civilized."

Poor boy, the so-called civilization presented to him is uncouth enough. He meets every kind of white trash—in the city, at the fever-camp which is a sort of jungle Siberia for debtors ("How is everybody at the camp?"—"Dying like flies") and working at the docks. But the curse on Manoel, which has brought him to trial for murder (the witnesses obligingly telling his story in flashback), is the burden on his conscience of failure to fulfil his tribal law of vendetta.

MUCH the most entertaining and horrid episode in Manoel's adventures is his temptation by the Brotherhood of Maritime Workers, a gang of check-shirt totalitarian thugs whose methods we may see as accurately typical of Communism or Fascism according to our taste in shirt-colourings. The Italian peasantry of *Vivere in Pace* were, we feel, civilized ducks off whose backs Fascism must have run like water. Manoel, though Sabu is getting a big boy to play such a simple savage, has no substantial standards to oppose to the check-shirts whose slogans he obediently mouths. The findings of the court enable Manoel at last to attain the proper ambition of his tribe and to cultivate his garden.

If this sounds confusing, so is the picture. It has been produced by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, the most baffling production team in British pictures. They have never, as far as I can remember, produced a picture without at least a touch of distinction. Neither have they, since *49th Parallel*, made one which was not rendered vaguely unsatisfying by a certain pretentiousness, a precious note (I should be tempted to except *A Canterbury Tale*, but many people found that the most precious of all). In *The End of the River* they are up to fewer fancy tricks than, for example, in *A Matter of Life and Death*; but the sense of frustration which for me is the hallmark of a Powell-Pressburger picture remains. It may be due to a chronic refusal to tell a straightforward story. For the episodes in Manoel's unhappy encounters with the civilized world, though individually intriguing, seem inconsequent and inconclusive.

THE touch of distinction—and it is more than a touch—is supplied by the exotic Brazilian background. Beautifully photographed scenes from the country bordering the Amazon, from the leisurely steamer life on the great river, from the ceremonies of the city, provide a gracious and alluring study of a corner of Latin-American civilization; and remind us of the great virtues of the travelogue at its best, virtues we may appreciate the more keenly while we are forbidden to travel in real life.

# HUGH WAKEFIELD

Hugh Wakefield's success as the Admiral in Ian Hay's *Off the Record*, now at the Piccadilly Theatre, is a triumph born of infinite experience. Every laugh, and there are a great many in this pleasant comedy, is exploited with such perfect wit and timing that the play ripples along with scarcely a pause in the merriment. Wakefield's career in the theatre, which began in 1899, when he was ten years old, has been broken only by service in the Army and R.A.F. during the two world wars. "I was never in the Navy," he says, "but ten years in uniform teaches one a certain amount about senior officers and their little ways." He lives near Ashford in Kent ("Whenever I can get time enough to get there"), is a keen horseman and an excellent shot. He is also, says Youngman Carter, who made this drawing, a first-rate model



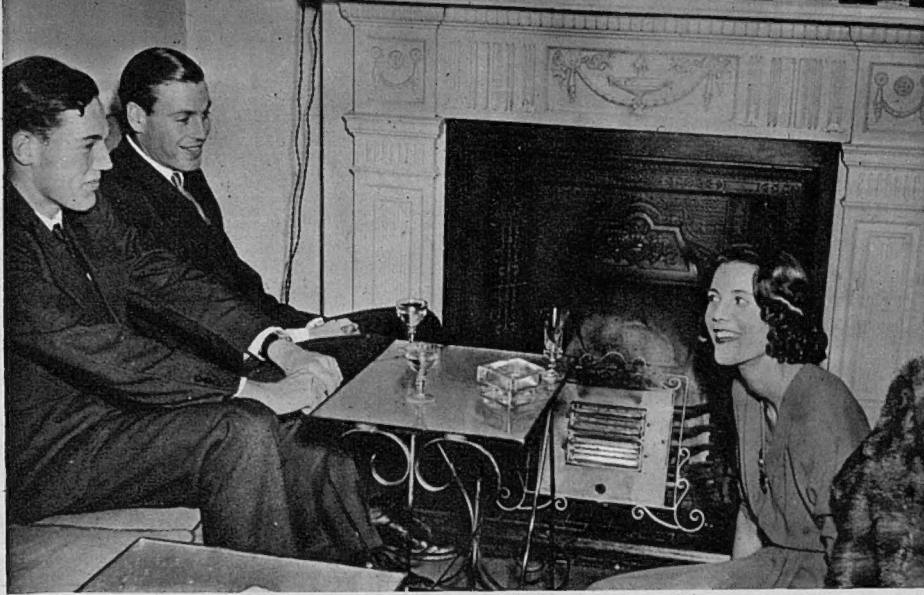




## Miss Betsann Tothill's Eve-of-Wedding Party



*Capt. Matthew Page Wood, the bridegroom, with Lady Cynthia Tothill, mother of the bride, who gave the party at 14, Duke Street*



*Prince Alexis Melikoff, who was best man, Mr. David Page Wood and Miss Betsann Tothill. The wedding next day was at Holy Trinity, Brompton*



*The Hon. Charles Littleton with Lady Page Wood, mother of the bridegroom*



*A/Cdre. the Earl of Bandon and his sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Bernard*



*The Countess of Bandon with the Hon. Charles Bernard*

## Nepalese Embassy Reception



*H.E. Gen. Kaiser, the Ambassador, welcomes Mr. L. S. Amery, former India Minister*



*Mr. Krishna Menon, High Commissioner for India, with Gen. Kaiser's small daughter*



*Members of the Nepalese Embassy: Iswary Raj, First Secretary, Pada Bahadur, Military Attaché, and Bhim Bahadur, Counsellor*

## Wedding of Mr. Ashley Courtenay



*Mr. Ashley Courtenay, the hotel authority, and Mrs. Courtenay after their recent wedding. Mrs. Courtenay was formerly Mrs. D. C. Shrubsall of Brimpton Grange Hotel, Milton Common, near Oxford*



*The Hon. and Mrs. George Chubb, son and heir and daughter-in-law of Lord Hayter*



*Lord and Lady Hayter were among the guests at the reception, held at the Dorchester*



## A Famous Hotelier's Half-Century



Major F. M. Swindells, managing director of Gordon Hotels, with his secretary, Miss Hughes, and former secretary, Mrs. Williams, at the dinner given by the board of directors to celebrate his fifty years' service



Mrs. Guy Dawnay and Mrs. F. M. Swindells. The dinner was held at the May Fair Hotel



Dr. J. Thompson and his wife, and Major-Gen. Guy Dawnay, the chairman



Sir Patrick Hannon, M.P., Lady Hannon, G/Capt. H. E. Hills and Mr. G. Tyrell were among the guests



The Earl and Countess of Normanton. The Countess was formerly Lady Fiona Fuller



The Earl and Countess of Abingdon and Lord Sherwood, who was a Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Air during the war



Lord and Lady Glendyne and their daughters, the Hon. Moira and the Hon. Pamela Nivison. Lord Glendyne is a well-known City figure



Lord Barnby, who is the second baron, and Lady Barnby, formerly of Pennsylvania, U.S.A.



Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye. Lord Balfour was for twelve years M.P. for the Isle of Thanet



The Duchess of Buccleuch was also present at the impressive ceremony, and is here accompanying the Countess of Lucan



Mrs. Claude Hawker with Viscount Scarsdale and his second daughter, the Hon. Juliana Curzon



Lord and Lady Bocket with their son and daughter

# At the State Opening of Parliament





Swache

**Mrs. Roderick Heathcoat-Amory** with her children, Michael, aged six, and Amanda, 2½, at their home, Crowood House, Sunningdale. Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory, who married Lt.-Col. Roderick Heathcoat-Amory, M.C., in April, was formerly the wife of Major Gerald Heathcoat-Amory, who was killed in action in 1944. Her husband is a brother of Sir John Heathcoat-Amory, Bt., of Tiverton, Devonshire

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL



*A Gentleman-at-Arms at the House of Lords during the State Opening of Parliament*

ONE of the largest gatherings of the Royal family London has seen for many a long month was on the morning following the State Opening of Parliament, when His Majesty unveiled the impressive and lifelike statue of his father, King George V., in Abingdon Street, facing Old Palace Yard, for which, as the King himself said, no more appropriate site could have been found. Queen Mary, tall and stately in the black that becomes her so well, was naturally the central figure present, though she took no actual part in the short, simple and memory-charged ceremony.

The Queen and the Princess Royal were also in full mourning, but Princess Elizabeth wore dark brown, and Princess Margaret pale grey.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke were among other members of the Royal family present; while members of the Government, headed by the Prime Minister, Opposition M.P.s, headed by Mr. Churchill, and nearly all the Corps Diplomatique were among the spectators. In a little group at the side stood half-a-dozen men who had known and served the late King personally, members of his Household, headed by the Earl of Cromer, who ruled for so many years with such easy efficiency over the arrangement of Court functions as Lord Chamberlain. I noticed, too, Lord Wigram and Viscount Hardinge of

Penshurst, both former Private Secretaries to King George V., and Admiral Sir Dudley North, who only recently resigned his appointment as Admiral Commanding H.M.'s Yachts. The King sent Lord Claud Hamilton, who came in attendance on Queen Mary, over to bring them to him at the end of the ceremony, with the Dowager Countess of Airlie, one of the best-known and best-loved figures at his father's Court, among them.

The King wore naval uniform for this ceremony, as he had done the day before when he opened the new session of Parliament, accompanied by Her Majesty and, for the first time, by Princess Elizabeth, now of full age and thus able to attend the opening of Parliament rightfully as Heiress-Presumptive. As ever, the opening was a magnificently-staged pageant, though the continued absence of the red Parliamentary robes of the peers—which, by the way, I hear may never be worn again—robbed it of much of its pre-war brilliance. When the peers do not wear their robes, the King does not don his own Royal robes, nor does he wear his Crown (which, on this occasion, was carried by Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope), and the peeresses, in consequence, may not wear their evening dress and tiaras which, in former years, gave that moment when the lights are turned up in the darkened Chamber to mark Their Majesties' advent such dramatic emphasis.

THE QUEEN wore the same dress as at last year's opening. It is a long-skirted gown of soft turquoise blue, with fluted panels in front crossing over to form a long draping at the back. The skirt is pleated in front, with a short train. With it Her Majesty wore a felt hat of the same colour, trimmed with coque's feathers dyed to match. Princess Elizabeth was in a dress of dusty pink. She, too, wore a floor-length skirt but without a train; her hat was covered in feathers to match, and she wore

matching elbow-length kid gloves of soft pink. The Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, looking very smart in blue, was in attendance on the Queen as Mistress of the Robes, and Her Majesty also had with her Countess Spencer and Lady Hyde, while Princess Elizabeth was attended by her cousin by marriage, the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, who is also her Lady-in-Waiting.

THE Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi recently gave a delightful cocktail-party for the Ambassador's son, Señor don Manuel Bianchi, Jr., and his very attractive wife, who have been staying at the Chilean Embassy in Hamilton Place on their way to Sweden. Señor Bianchi, Jr., has now left to take up his appointment as First Secretary to the Chilean Legation in Sweden, but he has left his wife and three small sons, all under four years old, here until, he told me, he has found a house for them to live in in Stockholm. In the meantime, our very charming and popular Ambassador from Chile is revelling in having his small grandsons around the house for a few weeks to play with his own three-year-old son, Billy.

At the party the hostess, as always, looked lovely, this time in a simple black afternoon dress. Early arrivals were the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the latter very pretty in a full-skirted evening dress; they were off to the first night of *Finian's Rainbow*, the new musical at the Palace Theatre which has come from America, where it had a tremendous success. Rose Marchioness of Headfort, an inveterate first-nighter, also came to the party early, escorted by her son, the Marquess of Headfort, and they, too, left early to go on to this first night. The Marquess of Willington I met talking to Countess Howe, and his tall, good-looking wife was the centre of a party of friends near by. The Brazilian Ambassador and his gay and charming wife were chatting to the attractive



Marquesa de Santa Cruz, who was looking exceedingly chic, wearing one of the newest Paris hats with her mink coat. She told me her husband was working late at the Embassy and unable to get to the party. I saw the Belgian Ambassador and his delightful wife, the Minister for Ecuador and Mme. Lafronze, and many other members of the Corps Diplomatique and friends at this very good party.

WHEN Queen Mary visited Foyle's Art Gallery to see the Church Exhibition in aid of the Bishop of London's £750,000 reconstruction fund she was very interested in a seven-panel Victory Tapestry, beautifully worked by Janet Barrow, the clever actress who is appearing in Noel Coward's *Peace in Our Time*. Her Majesty spent some time going round the exhibits, and other visitors I saw that day included Sir George and Lady Cory, the Hon. Mrs. Philip Meldon, the Archdeacon of London, Dame Irene Vanbrugh, Dame Lilian Braithwaite and Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who is himself a very fine "needleman," and has had several examples of his fine work exhibited.

I MOTORED down to a gay and amusing dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Grinling at their lovely early-seventeenth-century home, Haremere Hall, in Sussex, which has so much of the original panelling everywhere. Both the host, who is a direct descendant of the famous Grinling Gibbons, and the hostess are artistic and exceptionally clever at doing up houses, and have made this one quite lovely. The dance was for their elder daughter, Susan, and to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their marriage. Susan looked very attractive in a dress of moss green crêpe, and her schoolgirl sister, Camilla, was allowed leave for the dance and wore the sweetest long, pink dress with a pale blue sash. There was a house-party of twenty staying at Haremere, and many friends in the neighbourhood put up guests for the dance.

AMONG those dancing were Lt.-Com. Christopher and Lady Anne Wake-Walker, the latter in white; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Keeling, who brought a large party; Capt. Neil Forsyth and his attractive wife (they have just bought a house at Ticehurst), Col. and Mrs. Jack Lotinga, who had motored over from their home in Kent, and Cdr. and Mrs. Ommaney, who were staying with Capt. and Mrs. Pyemont, who brought a big party to the dance. Later, enjoying the buffet supper, I met the Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock, who are hoping to get passages to take their children with them to live in South Africa early in the New Year; her sister, Lady Ebury, in a lovely dress of pale blue brocade; Mrs. Dorian Reed, who lives at lovely Netherfield Place, one of the most beautiful houses in Sussex; Brig. Macpherson, the Rugby player, and his charming wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Tuckett, Miss Paula Doutell, very pretty in yellow and receiving congratulations on her engagement; and Mr. Charles Fletcher, who brought his two daughters, Barbara and Joy; he told me they are now living at Wadhurst. Mr. Tommy Coombs, who is now with the "Blues" training regiment, came with his mother, who was chatting to friends, including Mrs. Harbord, who owns historic Battle Abbey.

I also met many members of the family there, including Mr. and Mrs. Jim Grinling—he went out to Burma in 1940 as A.D.C. to Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith and had an adventurous escape when the Japs overran Burma; Mr. and Mrs. Pat Grinling, Mr. Byng Grinling, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Grinling and his son Jasper, who played the drums, while Mr. Derek Cawston, nephew of the hostess, played the piano brilliantly during supper.

FOR the first time in history, expenditure on welfare for ex-Service people by Earl Haig's Fund is outstripping Poppy Day income. Haig's Fund now requires an annual income in the region of £1,500,000, and helpers are needed throughout the country to help sell on Poppy Day, next Saturday, November 8th. Anyone who can spare a few hours to help this good cause should contact their local Poppy Day Committee, or the headquarters, 26, Eccleston Square, London.



The bridesmaids toast the bride and bridegroom at the wedding of Mr. Sydney Keith Prestige, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Prestige, of 3, Whitehall Court, S.W.1, to Miss Joan Sumner Mackenzie-Kennedy, only daughter of Sir Donald and Lady Mackenzie-Kennedy, of Le Reduit, Mauritius

## WEDDING AT THE SAVOY CHAPEL



Mr. and Mrs. Nico Barman and Mrs. G. D. Elliott were three of the guests



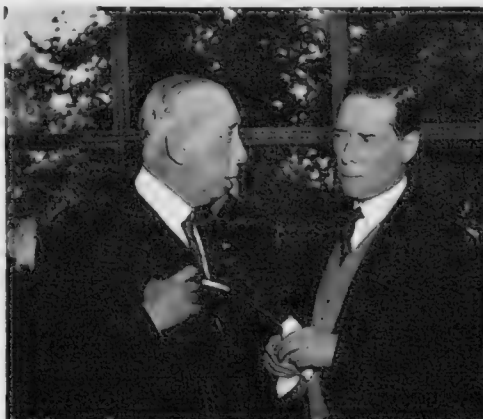
Major Munday with his niece, Miss Judith Burrough



Mr. John Prestige and Miss Mavis Findlay at the reception, which was held at the Savoy Hotel



The bridegroom's father, Mr. Arthur Prestige, Mr. P. Webster and Mrs. Eric Ball



Sir John Prestige, who is a former High Sheriff of Kent, and Mr. Ernest Prestige



Sir Charles Russell, Bt., and Lady Betham, who is the wife of Sir Geoffrey Betham

*George Bilainkin*

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Professor Nicolas Dolaptchieff, the Bulgarian Minister

1976, when Samuel, having defeated the Byzantines, proclaimed himself Tsar of the Bulgarians and named Okrid his capital.

Bulgaria's history has been sanguinary in the extreme. And she was in the wrong camp in the last two wars, losing her vital outlet to the Aegean in the former. Poor Okrid, when I travelled behind "the iron curtain" recently, is now a sleepy townlet, where time has stood still since Samuel's days.

WITHIN a day or two of reaching London, as political representative of modern Bulgaria, Professor Nicolas Dolaptchieff, sensitive, distinguished, multi-lingual author on criminal law, faced stern protests. He heard representatives of the Foreign Office deliver its opinions on the Petkoff affair.

FEW members of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Court of St. James's can have faced so many difficulties on beginning their Mission as did the envoy of the state that has had more than its fair share of the headlines for over thirty years, Bulgaria. Indeed, fewer countries in Europe have had their frontiers changed so often, and so radically, as the land that first seriously attracted Europe's notice in

The saddened envoy promised to communicate British comments at once to his Government, and returned to the enormous legation in Kensington.

I listened to the massive, modest expert on crime and punishment, with his thick, unruly silver locks. Envoy of a land that is slightly smaller than England and Wales, but has a population of about 7,000,000, the professor is a native of Bulgaria's Manchester, Sliven.

For six years the young man studied law at Sofia (and wrote poetry), with one year's interruption, when he was mobilised to serve against the Allies in the heavy artillery in Macedonia. Philosophy interested him deeply, he graduated and then secured his doctorate in Berlin, the thesis being concerned with various forms of criminal guilt. At twenty-seven he joined the lecturing staff of Sofia University, and in 1932, aged thirty-five, he was promoted full professor. He is still on the roll.

HIS EXCELLENCY had opportunities for obtaining a slant on Western thought and practice, thanks to visits to Columbia, Chicago, and Harvard Universities as Rockefeller scholar, as well as by attendance, for Bulgaria, at notable congresses in Paris, Berlin, Prague and Bucharest. In 1934 he was elected to Bulgaria's Academy of Science and more recently became vice-president.

In his spare time here—it will be limited—Professor Dolaptchieff will continue to paint water-colours, to play Chopin on a mellowed violin, accompanied perhaps by his wife, the charming, Vienna-trained pianist who shares his unenviably severe task of breaking down the walls between official Britain and official Bulgaria. Whatever "iron curtain" may exist in far-off Bulgaria, none seems in evidence at Queen's Gate Gardens.



The Hon. Mrs. Geo. Ward, sister-in-law of the Earl of Dudley, and Mr. Mark Harford



The Hon. John Rodney, son and heir of Lord Rodney, and Lady Cathleen Seyfried, daughter of Lady Scott Douglas



Gen. Sir Ronald Adam, president of the British Council, talking to Col. de Zaldu



Mme. Jiminez O'Farrill, wife of the Ambassador, with Mrs. J. J. Hawkes (Education) and Miss N. Parkinson (British Council)



Unesco delegates for whom the Mexican Ambassador gave a reception before their departure for Mexico City: Mr. F. R. Cowell, Mr. P. R. Calden, Miss N. Parkinson, Mr. W. D. Pile, Mr. D. Ridley, Mr. A. E. Williams, the Mexican Ambassador, Mrs. J. J. Hawkes, Gen. Sir Ronald Adam, Sir J. P. C. Maud, Sir Henry French and Dr. W. P. Alexander

## Reception for Unesco Delegates



Mrs. Maurice Evans and Col. S. A. Sandford were also keenly interested spectators who saw Pontifex win the two-mile steeplechase



# STEEPLECHASING AT CHELTENHAM



Mrs. G. Coles, Capt. G. Coles and Miss Gillian White discussing the well-filled and excellently organised programme



Brig. Scott-Cockburn was with Mrs. Scott-Cockburn and Mrs. H. T. Mylne



Mr. and Mrs. Peter Philips make good use of their shooting-sticks at the meeting



Capt. T. Hanbury, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bird, visitors from the United States



Major H. S. Alfrey, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Clay, Lady Amy Biddulph and her daughter, Miss Susan Biddulph



Miss O. Longueville, Mrs. Geoffrey Gregson and Mrs. Aubrey Ison



Mr. Sandy Buchanan exchanges views on the high points of the day's racing with Mrs. Francis Upton



Mrs. Godfrey Llewellyn, Capt. Michael Llewellyn, Miss Mary Clare FitzGerald, Miss Elizabeth Bryant, Mrs. Michael Llewellyn and Col. Godfrey Llewellyn



Mr. Morris Keating, Miss D. Allen and Mr. M. J. Hoskins were also among the racegoers



Mrs. G. A. Gundry, Lt.-Col. C. H. Fuller, Mrs. Christopher Fuller and Mrs. John Pope



The Hon. S. Portman, Miss M. Fitzgerald, Capt. C. Hazelhurst, Miss J. Coray-Wright, Capt. R. Lourie and Mr. Wingfield





## Priscilla in Paris

# The Candles Come Out Again

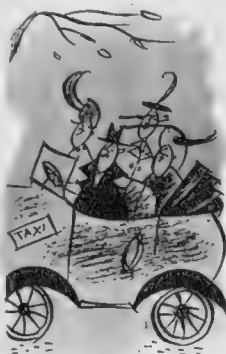
WELL, here am I, back in Paris for keeps and the beloved Farm-on-the-Island is a faraway dream till next July. I don't even suppose I shall get down to the Riviera this winter. After all, one can't sell a house every year! There is another little roof-tree at Nice that will have to go some day, but maybe it is wise to keep it for an emergency—such as an extra half-pound of butter, a sop to the income-tax collector, or even illness.

I have returned to a Paris of unrest and strikes. Parisians are learning to foot it right fealty since, at time of writing, there are neither taxis, buses nor Métro. Plenty of cars, however. The powers-that-be practically forbade their use, but have now intimated that owner-drivers may do a bit of taxi-work. I managed to coax my dear old flivver up from the coast on 25 per cent. less petrol than she really likes; therefore, having a few litres to spare, I turned out gaily this morning, determined to accomplish as many good deeds as possible. It is astonishing what I managed to pack into the old stalwart, and the faces of my fares when they discovered there was nothing to pay were a study.

I'm sorry I have not a greater drinking capacity, however. Wishful not to hurt their feelings, I had to accept several *coups de rouge* with various real proletarians, although I do hate the raw, red wine that is all most wine-drinkers can afford nowadays. But I had to pass up a cocktail at the Ritz. I simply dared not "mix."

ONE can have nothing but admiration for the gaiety with which little working girls—shoppies and minidettes—accept the situation. Some of them have to walk miles from their homes in the suburbs, are on their feet all day and yet have a song, or a merry quip, on their lips as they limp home at night.

Paris has also gone back to last year's régime of an electric-current cut that lasts from 7.15 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. two days a week. Already candles are almost unobtainable, and paraffin, of course, has been *bloqué*. What an excellent excuse to lie abed late this winter. The south-west districts are lightless on Fridays and Saturdays, which makes for trouble, since all the best cinemas are in this part of Paris. On Wednesdays and Thursdays the north is punished, and on Mondays and Tuesdays the east goes dark, while on Sundays we are ablaze from dawn to dawn and the cinemas make up for lost time. The theatres are in the



doldrums. All decent-minded people are keeping their small reserves of petrol for useful jobs and, since footpads abound, one hardly cares for a midnight stroll from theatreland. Living as I do on the Left Bank, I have plenty of entertainment at my very door. The newly-fashionable cabaret *La Rose Rouge*, to which the Sartre crowd goes, having exhausted the possibilities of the Flore, the Montana, the Tabou and the Méphisto, is an amusing haunt in the midst of the Latin Quarter.

It was there that Maurice Chevalier had his first encounter with Jean-Paul Sartre on the eve of his departure for the States. He (Maurice) was nosing around various little pubs that Orson Welles had told him about (trust an American to put a Parisian wise about what to see in Paris!) and he happened on the "Red Rose" on the opening night. It has been launched by André Virel, the ex-Prefect of Vercors, who was one of the most notable Résistants during the war. He holds the Croix de Guerre and the Résistance medal, but he has now settled down to a peaceful life as an author and poet. The Rose entertainment is run by a magnificent "coloured gentleman," by name Benga Ferral. It includes a sketch by Prévert, an amusing duologue and skit from *The Ironmaster*, wittily played by Perez and Huguette and the *flamencos* dancer Salvador Vergas, accompanied by the guitarist Albercia.

The real show, however, is provided by the audience, especially when Sartre arrives with his companions, Jean Aurenche, Merleau-Ponty, Koestler, Simone de Beauvoir, and other merry jokers. The crowning touch, on the night I was there, was given when Marlene Dietrich came in with Jean Gabin.

SACHA GUITRY is once more in the limelight. Great excitement the other afternoon for the dwellers in those lovely old houses that overlook the gardens of the Palais Royal when he, and a whole cinema outfit, gave what is known over here as "the first twirl of the handle" of a film that Sacha is making and which will portray the life of his father, that very great actor the late Lucien Guitry.

Sacha's official reappearance in public life has since taken place at the huge Salle Pleyel where, for a week, he has given an evening *causerie*. This is the biggest concert-hall in Paris, and it was crowded from stalls to uppermost gallery. A curious, excited crowd. Not very smart, not quite the *fout Paris* of great occasions. But this

is all to his tribute, since it means that hundreds of car-less admirers must have walked miles to hear him, for the transport strike was still depriving people of taxis, buses and Métro. The theatrical crowd was there in force, Mistinguett leading. Maurice Rostand, who has not been seen for some time, was amongst his most ardent supporters. There were also Martin du Gard, René Benjamin, Bossis, Fanny Révoil and all the pen-pushers and type-pounders of the Street of Ink.



SACHA has hardly changed... his audience neither. Half the house rose to its feet on his appearance and cheered wildly, and this, of course, was accepted by Sacha as his due. Only one interruption during the talk. A thin, pale-faced youth stood up in the midst of the *causerie*, shouting "Enough! Shut up!..." and added the naughtiest and most historical word (it was originally uttered by General Cambronne at Waterloo) in the French language. He was yelled down and he subsided very quickly. One heard, later, that the lad had been deported during Occupation, tortured by the Gestapo and had known the horrible rigours of the camps of Buchenwald and Dachau. He probably resented the fact that Sacha's reappearance, after a few months in an F.F.I. prison, hardly justified such hysterical enthusiasm. Sacha's little talk was, of course, witty and interesting. Sly digs against his critics abounded and, to use the old cliché, he "brought the house down" when, to refute the accusation that he was an anti-Semite, he declared that he had, for many years, given everything that he holds most precious into the keeping and care of Jewish specialists: his health, his theatrical productions, and his money.

## Voilà!

● The celebrated author-actor-manager was being congratulated on his forthcoming marriage. "The young lady will be your fourth wife, will she not?" he was asked. "Yes," smiled the actor, "but very probably she will be my first widow."

## THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTERS

A scene from *La Belle et la Bête*, the Jean Cocteau film now at the Rialto. This fascinating picture, described by Cocteau himself as "A poem in the guise of a fairy-story," has designs by Christian Bérard and music from Georges Auric. Josette Day takes the part of Belle, a combination of Cinderella and Cordelia, who submits to all the humiliations of her arrogant sisters, and Jean Marais is the Beast, a creature of both awe and pathos, who seeks the unforced kiss which will turn him into a handsome Prince. Here Belle is seen kneeling before her sister Adelaide (Mila Parely) in their home, modelled after the interiors of Vermeer



The Meet, Held at Cloutsham,  
Near Minehead

The hunt moves off. Though it is entitled to hunt the deer anywhere in the two counties, in practice it confines its activities to the Exmoor district



Mr. C. B. B. Smith-Brown  
Joint-Master, and Mrs. Smith-Brown  
which



Earl and Countess Fortescue, at whose charming home, Castle Hill, Barnstaple, Devon, the ball was held



Capt. Godfrey Pease, Royal Marines, and Mrs. Pease, daughter of Mr. Bertram Reece, the London magistrate

## EXMOOR STAG

The Devon and Somerset Hold



Miss Ruth Reynolds, Mrs. Jackson  
standing in front of one of the



Col. F. J. Harrison, Col. Guy Harrison, Master of the Exmoor Hunt, and Mrs. Jackson were three of the guests at this very successful function





Mr. Houlder, Miss Abbott, a  
were four of the large field  
a testing run



Another section of the field, showing the hounds, which were  
in excellent form. They were hunted throughout the war, to  
keep down damage to crops

# HUNTERS RALLY

Hunt Ball, Followed by a Meet



Reynolds and Capt. Reynolds  
beautiful classical fireplaces of  
Hill



Mr. Douglas Bahu and Miss Joyce Collins  
were among the large and representative  
company of dancers



Miss Nina Williams and Mr. R. K.  
Stilgoe were sitting out during one of  
the intervals



Miss Wagner, Mrs. Richard Amory and Mr. Richard Amory were  
also at the ball. Owing to the rationing restrictions, guests brought  
their own refreshments



Decorations by Wysard

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

# Standing By ...

IF a recent Old Bailey thug-trial has done nothing else, it has given the smug tribe of diary-keepers a timely jolt. The artless Pepys concerned was fool enough, like them, to jot down his nightly routine in a small red-leather diary. Cool!

So did the original Pepys, a large percentage of whose entries, we may remind you, are still too obscene to publish. Many other Whigs who keep diaries believe, in their priggish self-satisfaction, that secret shorthand, like Pepys', or symbols in a small, neat, finicky, donnish hand, or some sort of private code, will save them. They are deceived. It doesn't take the Scotland Yard Diary Department five minutes to decode some such loathsome entry as:

Nov. 15—V. wet day. Tea with Mrs. Hargreaves. Archie's cold v. much better. Mislaidd my umbrella. After dinner, sorted my stamps. Bed 10.

Gilles de Rais probably made entries of this sort before they got him. Viewing the still-sinister remains of his chateau of Tiffauges in Brittany recently, we could see the terrible veiled old woman, La Meffraye, scouring the countryside to kidnap the children in his behalf, and we guessed Bluebeard's secret. It wasn't the mere cutting of throats in a satanic orgy which ravished him, it was the joy of entering up his diary every night—a more subtle and evil joy, which every diary-addict knows; the joy of contemplating his own black heart.

This is written to discourage those rats. (Not you.)

## Club

A GOSSIP-GIRL counting up West End women's clubs present and past overlooked, as usual, the earliest of them, which stood for three centuries on the site of St. James's Palace. Anyway, a kind of women's club, small and exclusive. We refer to the Hospital of St. James-the-Less for Fourteen Sick Maidens, founded in the twelfth century.

It seems to have been like most women's clubs, full of bitter-sweet recriminations and very chilly for the casual visitor, though as there were then no clubs in St. James's Street the maidens had no such complaints to the Secretary as they would have nowadays. St. James's Street was a little green hill, hogs grazed and grunted and dozed in Pall Mall,

Mayfair was full of elegant cows. Everything was peaceful in the valley, and on the hill (on the present site of the Conservative Club) was a drinking-pool for boars. Knights rode out occasionally from the City to hunt or hawk round Piccadilly, making a careful detour round the Hospital, even as City knights make a detour round women's clubs today. And maybe, also, as today, the members made faces at them from the Silence Room windows.

## Footnote

THIS is the idyllic St. James's we see every time we pass that way, rather than the usual Georgian or Regency St. James's the romantic gossip-boys see. The neighbourhood has certainly "gone down," as house-agents say. No offence to the back-room boys at the Carlton.

## Spree

"PLEAS'D with the seat which gave ELIZA birth," mused Dr. Samuel Johnson after a day at Greenwich, where Good Queen Bess was born:

Pleas'd with the seat which gave ELIZA birth,  
We roll in unextinguishable mirth.

Quoting from memory, we may have got the second line wrong. Anyhow, it suggests a healthy open-air substitute for those Parliamentary whitebait-orgies at the Ship, Greenwich, once a feature of every opening session,

as a sincere lover of Parliament was sentimentally recalling in a Sunday paper recently. Moreover rolling obviates less desirable frolics...

Another Greenwich diversion still available to politicians on the spree, we find, is dropping in on the Astronomer-Royal and his boys at the Observatory for a cup of tea. Astronomers like people to call. They get bored with lying on their backs all day, presumably gazing up telescopes but more often dozing or making up poetry, generally of an amatory and petulant nature. E.g.:

Aldebaran and Betelgeuse,  
Altair, Canopus, Vega—these  
Sparkle less frosty in the skies  
Than cruel Mrs. Rackstraw's eyes.

Colder than interstellar Space  
They spurn my gaze, to seek the face,  
Like an obscene and nightmare Moon,  
Of Mr. Rackstraw; that baboon.

Complaints of this kind are frequent, since astronomers are not, as old-fashioned hostesses say, "received" to any extent by attractive women. Thus even the conversation of visiting M.P.s would cheer and stimulate them. Or such is the theory in welfare-circles.

## Kudos

AMONG the public schools which are raising their fees in January, we note, is Kipling's old school, where a hostile housemaster ordered Britannia's future *chouchou* to shave during his last term, as his memoirs reveal.

As this happened in the reactionary 1880's, Slogger Kipling never thought of claiming his right to capillary self-expression and spitting in the tyrant's eye with the cry "Dirty fascist!" Actually, we find, scholastic hostility to whiskered boys is dying out. At a prep. school we visited in the Home Counties recently we encountered a fine specimen. His stubby beard was grey, his head almost bald, he stooped and coughed, and he was in the Third Form, red-kneed and conspicuous.

We said to the headmaster, a young and progressive Cricket Blue: "That's rather an elderly boy you have in the Third Form?"

The headmaster said: "Yes. Just over 60. Came to us in 1897—Jubilee Year, long before my time—and developed such an amazingly pretty late cut that we kept him on for the sake of the First Eleven, for which he has played





ever since. He means a lot of kudos to the school."

"Do his people mind?"

"They are perfectly furious."

The aged boy grinned sheepishly when nodded to and seemed rather cretinous, though not more so than most born cricketers.

### Revolt

A MUFFLED squawk to the *Times* against the recent destruction of Ruskin's rural retreat at Denmark Hill for the purposes of Progress moved us, as ever, by its pathetic assumption that Caliban might burst into tears on learning of this protest and promise not to do it again.

When Adelphi Terrace, one of the last remaining pieces of perfect Georgian architecture in London and the triumph of the brothers Adam, was destroyed some years ago a member of the Georgian Group cried in his agony that public anger had only become "really formidable" after a lapse of five years, when the deed was done. Looking up our archives, we find we carried out a bit of private mass-observation to test this. Standing on the corner of the Strand and Adam Street we noted demonstrations of the Race's fury as follow:

1. Out of 150 citizens passing within half an hour, 98 paused to shake their fists at the big new block on the Adelphi site;
2. Of these, 67 shook their fists in silence, merely grimacing or rolling their eyes;
3. Of these, 25 per cent. had eyes bloodshot with anger or drink, 8 per cent. had flaming eyes, and 67 per cent. had round eyes with no expression whatsoever, like the glass marbles in bottles of pop;
4. Twenty-one citizens cried aloud such observations as "Our birthright!" or "Our heritage!" One stout red citizen bared his head, moaning "O spirit of the Brothers Adam! Thou singular genius!", afterwards approaching us with an appeal for financial assistance, which we ignored;
5. The most striking reaction was that of a stout female citizen resembling Madame Roland and crying "O Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!" wringing her hands simultaneously.

In a word, a memorable revelation of the wrath of a free and art-loving populace, though we couldn't help thinking that Mme. Roland had somehow mistaken the district.

### Switch

NOTING that a Norwegian diva is to sing Isolde in German at Covent Garden instead of English, we pondered incidentally a question we have often put to Wagner-lovers. In Act I of *Tristan* the maid Brangaene very decently (as she thinks) gives Isolde a love-potion instead of the poison Isolde has been yelling for. What would happen if some browned-off Isolde took a hearty swig from the empty goblet, fell with a crash to the floor, and stayed there deliberately shamming dead till the curtain was hastily dropped?

Wagner-lovers have nothing very vital to say on this question, yet consider the sequel in the dressing-room when the stage-manager finds the diya all packed up and cheery, with her hat on.

"Off?"

"That's right, boy. *Kaput! Fini!*"

"What about Acts II and III?"

"Nothing to do with me, boy."

"What about the saps in front?"

"Have they no homes, boy?"

"Not very attractive ones, or they wouldn't be here."

"Well, how about letting 'em quietly rot? Bye-bye!"

### Afterthought

ONLY a heartless diva would behave thus, for this point about Wagner audiences is an open sore in the opera-racket. The most fearful Wagnerian hullabaloo is preferable to staying at home, and well they know it. A tender-hearted diva would ultimately relent.

"All right, boy, I'll go on now. You don't mind if I keep my hat on?"

"That's all right. They won't notice."

So on with the uproar, and a fig for King Mark.

## EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 10

A bird easily distinguished by its zigzag flight and its association with a small breed of horse, which it stimulates to frenzy



## The Bandyshanked Chukka Whalla—or Pony-Tick Bird

(Gadsa-Umistit)

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above ruddy-fulvous; often pithily capped; upper mandibles puce-tinted, shading to purple on lower mandibles and neck feathers; beak vinous and arrogantly curved; often tufted below beak; outer coverts usually checkered, white on inner; rump feathers white; shanks white and sleekly feathered, leathery below knee-joint and bandy; feet spurred. Bird of prey.

**HABITS:** This rare and extremely sportive little bird is a comparatively recent visitor to our island, migrating here from the East, as it has found, of late months, that its usual habitats in that part of the world are being colonised by other birds.

This gaily-plumed bird does most of its feeding on the backs of ponies. The species prefer to feed in small groups of eight and will fight fiercely for the possession of a chukka, their favourite food. If the observer be lucky enough to see this bird while feeding (this may be difficult owing to the

Chukka Whallas being exclusive in their ways), he will be amused, and amazed, at the way the bird will perch precariously on a pony's back, displaying its pretty white rump. It is even more amusing when the bird perches on the under-side of the pony, this position being a favourite one with the species. The bird is usually silent but has been known to utter a great roaring note when roused; at other times it utters a quiet "Tck-tck" or "Cmupfloss-megal." Only after a good meal of chukkas is the bird apt to become noisy; it then has a harsh laughing note. The bird is very easily photographed at this time.

**HABITATS:** Open grounds, outposts, when far-flung, or as Major Lancelot "Fatty" Hurrillingamm, the well-known authority on this bird, remarks: "Anywhere, if hurled far enough, is suitable for this bird—haw-haw, what."

**ADULT FEMALE:** Similar to the male; more easily photographed.



A Fine Display in  
Hampshire

Mr. R. Twigg on Big Surprise clears the hedge, while another competitor falls as his horse checks in the Open Hunt jumping class



A beautiful take-off by Mr. V. P. Simonds, M.F.H., on Sherry, over the ditch-and-hedge jump

## Scoreboard

"OTTER hunting, Mr. er-er . . . ?"

"No; colder, Mrs. er-er . . ."

Thus began the conversation between the surprising visitor and the unsurprisable hostess.

"You have no visiting card," she murmured, gazing politely over his head at an unfinished water-colour of Fred Archer by Holman Hunt; "no card at all; and yet it is nearly four o'clock in the afternoon."

"But I have my passport, Signora," replied the visitor, smiling noisily over his M.C.C. tie and diplomatic band.

She studied the photograph through her tortoise-shell pince-nez. "But this is not you," she complained; "it shows a strong and handsome man with a billiard-cue."

"Since that was taken, *bella mia*, I have shrunk. And it is not a billiard cue, but an octopus-diviner. As to my face, three times I have had it altered for reasons of state by a plastic surgeon. Alteration, restoration, demolition; it is the way of the world. Three weeks ago, and you would have seen me as I am."

"But who are you?"

"I am Persona Grata."

"Italian?"

"Spanish. Pure Castilian. My great-grandfather was the only amateur picador of his day. But he lost his status in the end. Here, in your beautiful country, I am vice-president of six cricket clubs. At sporting dinners, it is I who make the speeches when no one else can. At the boxing, it is my shirt-front that you see in the front row amid the encircling gloom of fusty and over-filled waistcoats—"

"Do you drink?"

"Do I look as if I didn't, Madam?"

THE hostess rose, scattering on to the priceless Kidderminster carpet three Pomeranians, an uncut handbook on advanced beagling, and a bloodhound which, beginning at the door, traced the mysterious visitor back to his Louis Onze chair. The chatelaine, smiling affectionately on the hound's sagacity, pulled the bell-rope thrice. "Three times for luck and the butler," she remarked over her shoulder. At once there fell into the room an elderly man in black tail-coat, white ducks and hunting-boots. "What's the game now?" he asked from the floor.

"Port wine, please, Russell."

"I've drunk it all," vouchsafed the servitor recumbently, "but there's a pinch of you-and-me left, if your tongue's hanging out." And he swerved from the room.

"A strange man," murmured the hostess, as she scooped up the dogs, "but a first-rate umpire; especially at square-leg."



"I think," said the visitor, "I must be getting along; before the tea comes."

The hostess tried to rise, but the dogs weren't having any.

"Good-bye," she said, "Mr. er-er . . ."

"Adios," he answered, "Mrs. er-er . . ."

And he walked out into the mist, whence, for it was late autumn, he had come.

BY the time your discerning eye comes to rest on these words, the tournament for the Ryder Cup between the professional golfers of Great Britain and the United States will have been played at Portland, Oregon. My fears tell me that, if we have won, it's because we hadn't time to get stale; if we have lost, it's because we hadn't time to get acclimatised; if we have drawn, it's because we hadn't time to get either.

TALKING of calendars. Guy Fawkes comes round again. If I were an antiquarian, which I am, I could prove to you that this fine old English gentleman was, in fact, Guido Falsetto, Table Tennis champion of Salamanca in 1597-99 (no competition in 1598). One of the best stage-plays I ever saw was *The Gunpowder Plott*, written and presented by the bottom Form of a Junior school. Said the Villain (or Hero), as he sat among the barrels waiting for zero-hour, "What trouble I have had with these final arrangements." A moment later, the discovery—

"Are you Guy Fawkes?"

"Yes."

"And you're going to blow up the Houses of Parliament?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can't."

NOTICE. The widow of J. St. L. Thornton, the famous Olympic hurdler, who was killed in action in Normandy in 1944, recently presented to the Amateur Athletic Association a handsome trophy to perpetuate his memory. The trophy is a silver cigarette-box on which is an engraving of John Thornton hurdling. In accepting the trophy on behalf of the Association, Lord Burghley said that the A.A.A. had awarded it for 1947 to W/Cdr. D. O. Finlay, D.F.C., A.F.C., for recording the best time of the year in winning the R.A.F. 120-yards High Hurdles Championship in 14.6 seconds.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow



Miss M. Sayers in the saddle of Mr. T. C. White's Champion hunter Warhoop



Col. and Mrs. Townsend, who judged the Hunter show which was held in connection with the trials

The Hambleton

At Furze Hill



## Sabretache

## Pictures in the Fire



Mr. J. S. Hillman's Hawkstone Salome, lightweight hunter champion, with Mr. W. A. Bundy up



Mrs. P. E. Blackmore, wife of the well-known judge, and Mrs. J. H. Simonds were spectators



Miss S. James, who rode Tyvy, being presented with the Cup for the First Rider of the Hunt by Mrs. P. Vivian, wife of the Master

## Hunter Trials

farm, Denmead

THE last of four! The recent death of Brigadier-General Reginald Hoare leaves Mr. Winston Churchill as the sole survivor of that crack 4th Hussar Polo team, which was at the peak of its form in 1899, when, amongst other things, it won the Indian Inter-Regimental, which, incidentally, has always taken a power of getting with so many good British and Indian Cavalry teams in the ring.

Reggie Hoare, who was one of the smartest cavalry officers upon whom I have ever laid eyes, Rose-Price hardly excepted, was in the king-pin position, No. 3; Reginald Barnes (later a General) was the back; Savory, killed in action some years ago, was the No. 2, and Mr. Winston Churchill the No. 1, the right spearhead for a fast-galloping, hard-hitting combination like that. It was a very well-knit side, well mounted, fit to fight its weight in wild cats, and perhaps unlucky not to have got the coveted trophy oftener than it did. The regiment was then at Bangalore in the Soft South, but this team was just about as soft as a sledge-hammer!

The last time I met Reginald Hoare was out with the Albrighton, and he was still as straight and keen as a sword blade and very little aged. He was one of a fast-dwindling band of Very Old Etonians, and was eighty-two when he died. One of the books of reference says that General Barnes was a 10th Hussar. So he was when co-opted from the 17th Lancers to command them; but his parent regiment was the 4th Hussars, who later put up such a great record in the Kadir Cup, one that is now quite impossible to beat. General Barnes died about two years ago. He was a brother of Dame Irene Vanbrugh and the late Miss Violet Vanbrugh—a fine type of soldier-man and a very distinguished warrior.

## Newmarket Stops the Rot

WHILST everyone on this side of the Channel is naturally delighted that a British-owned, British-bred and British-trained horse, Whiteway, held the fort most gallantly and won the Cesarewitch, it is impossible not to regret that one of the best handicap horses of an epoch broke down in the race, and so could not put our winner to the extreme test, as I am sure that he would have done if this had not happened.

Smirke would have been quite justified in stopping Monsieur l'Amiral seven furlongs or more from home, getting off and leading him in. It looked ominous when he went down like a cat on hot bricks, and the hammer-hammer-hammer he got at Doncaster obviously had not worn off. After the race he was lame, and it is to be hoped that this second expedition on Macadam under a big weight has not knocked him out for good and all, for he is one of the few really high-class long-distance performers we have seen. His nationality weighs as nothing with anyone who is fond of a good one. Laminitis (inflammation of the sensitive laminae in the foot) is caused by concussion nine times out of ten; naviculitis (inflammation of the navicular bone at the back of the coffin bone of the foot) is often traceable to the same cause.

As to the winner, I am sure Captain Fitzgerald owns a crack, and Whiteway is too good to risk any further on going that is bad enough to sow the seeds of either of the two disasters just mentioned. Whiteway is a big upstanding horse, 16.2 admitted—and a bittock, I should say—and he is big with it, brawn and bone every ounce of him, and, therefore, open to much more risk than the lightweight. Arbar is ticketed for next year's Gold Cup, and is bound to be formidable. Whiteway is probably just as good, and is well worth helping to be at his best for such an epic battle as that well may prove, especially if Pearl Diver is also on the premises. I hope that things will pan out so that

W. Pratt will continue to train Whiteway, for he sent him out just as he should have been, and no better pilot could be found than W. Evans.

The jockey has said that he learnt the rudiments from riding against the "professors" in Ceylon when he was fifteen, and was brought there by his father (top of the tree in his day amongst the Victorian jockeys), but being an Australian, I am open to bet that the Ceylon contingent (probably mostly Australians) could not teach him much about equitation, whatever they may have been able to do about the tricks of the trade. His Mother Country has not been called "Horsetraylia" for nothing! They are natural horsemen, like the Irish. Willie Pratt will no doubt recall one of Marie Lloyd's rather rude jokes during his riding days. He was a contemporary of Morny and Kemmy Cannon, to mention only two of a vintage crop of very fine jockeys.

## Some More Seen Through the Spy Glass

EATEN he was, but not disgraced, and Lord Rosebery has every right to be pleased with Firemaster's performance. I am sure that the noble owner has ridden many a bigger polo "pony" than this very dainty little chestnut colt. I expect most of us know who gets tired first when a small boy tries to keep step with a big policeman! When Firemaster got amongst the big ones at The Buses he was in jeopardy; when he tried to take on the big Whiteway and others going into The Dip his fate was sealed. Firemaster and Whiteway were at practically level weights, and the bigger ship naturally made lighter work of the cargo.

## How About the 1948 Derby?

THERE seems to be the father and mother of a headache for some of us, excepting, perhaps, for those who think, as I do, that we have not seen anything like the best, or the last, of two very likely ones, neither of which was in the Middle Park Stakes—Lerins and Black Tarquin. Mr. Freer has practically no option but to start with The Cobbler, and he cannot put Birthday Greetings much below him in the Free Handicap. We can skip The Cobbler's performance at Chepstow on October 4th, for it was merely a pipe-opener against a few moderates, and I do not think we need worry about Queenpot knocking Pride of India endways over five furlongs in the Prendergast Stakes on Cesarewitch day—but then what?

It would be bore some to wade knee-deep through all the form, but some of it we must look at. In the six-furlong Champagne Stakes at Doncaster on September 10th, Lerins (by Djebel) made hacks of both Pride of India and Queenpot, and they could not go with him. In the Gimcrack (six furlongs, York, August 28th) Black Tarquin beat Birthday Greetings a neck in smashing time, 1.10.3. At Goodwood, in the six-furlong Richmond Stakes, Birthday Greetings beat Black Tarquin two lengths, but he was getting 7 lbs., so let's rub this one out, and on the same day at Goodwood Pride of India laid out two very ornery ones in Ottoman and Howdah in the Ham Stakes, but he was getting 5 lbs. from each of them. He could have given them the weight and still won.

On July 19th, at Sandown, The Cobbler won the five-furlong National Breeders absolutely as he liked, from Delirium and Pride of India; and Black Tarquin won the Royal Lodge Stakes at that meeting at Ascot on July 11th, beating Howdah. I think we can give this a miss also; but I believe we had better remember that Delirium forced a dead-heat on Lerins in the five-furlong New Stakes on June 19th at Ascot. The Cobbler won the Coventry Stakes on June 17th with nothing behind him; but Mr. Freer is certain to start with him. How far down will Lerins and Black Tarquin be?



Elizabeth Bowen's

# Book Reviews

## "Novels of George du Maurier"

*Venus*; and the skin of her neck was like a white camelia, and slender and square-shouldered as she was, she did not show a bone. She was that beautiful type the French define as *la fausse maigre*, which does not mean a "false thin woman."

She seemed both thoughtful and mirthful at once, and genial as I had never seen anyone genial before—a person to confide in, to tell all one's troubles to, without even an introduction! When she laughed, she showed both top and bottom teeth, which were perfect, and her eyes nearly closed, so that they could no longer be seen for the thick lashes that fringed both upper and under eyelids; at which time the expression of her face was so keenly, cruelly sweet that it went through one like a knife. And then the laugh would suddenly cease, and her eyes beam out again like two mild grey suns, benevolently humorous and kindly inquisitive, and full of interest in everything and everybody around her. . . .

ROMANTIC, this du Maurier, as it is to be seen! In a sense, an un-English romantic: under the generous, sometimes dishevelled amateurishness of his literary art there are gleams, especially when he writes about women, of Tolstoi and of Turgenev. Amateurish (as a novelist) he is—to be lovingly frank—his exuberance, his joy in the release of this new-found power must have been so great that he had to put down everything: the omissions, the cold-blooded "arrangement" necessary for literary art would have been torture. Consequently, there are whole slabs of prolixity, and sometimes worse, banality in these three novels. Most often in *The Martian*, but most strikingly, because most regrettably, in *Peter Ibbetson*—which to me, certainly, is the most poetic, poignant, happy, and in its own way grand of the three.

FOR du Maurier's occasional imaginative resemblance to the Russians there is no reason: he was, on the other hand, as his name suggests, half-French. As we learn from his granddaughter Daphne's excellent brief biography in her Introduction, he was born in Paris in 1834,

his father, Louis-Maturin Busson du Maurier, being the son of *émigrés* who had left France during the Terror and then returned to it again.

"His mother," Miss du Maurier tells us, "Ellen Clarke, was the daughter of the notorious Mary Ann Clarke, one-time mistress of the Duke of York." The young George, "Kicky" to his family, was educated in Paris, at the same "Institution" he describes in *The Martian*, failed in his "baccalauréat," and at the age of nineteen went over to join his family in London. Louis-Maturin, by all accounts a wholly delightful character if not a practical one, dabbled in science and was one of those ever-hopeful inventors whose inventions, for one or another reason, never quite come off: suddenly dying, he

left the youthful "Kicky" to be sole supporter of his mother and his younger brother and sisters.

left the youthful "Kicky" to be sole supporter of his mother and his younger brother and sisters.

This already inveterate drawer of lovely heads on envelopes decided, however, to take a chance: first opposed, then fatalistically backed by his mother, he returned to Paris to study art. For two years he lived the life of the Quartier Latin, as described in *Trilby*. It was just after that, while working in another studio, in Antwerp, that he began to lose the sight of his left eye: that phase of despair and terror, in which the possibility of total blindness had to be envisaged, has been chronicled in the (as Miss du Maurier points out) practically autobiographical *Martian*. He did not, after all, lose the sight of his other eye, but the menace remained present to the end of his days: it was under its shadow that he built up, dauntlessly, his at once brilliant and monumental career as a *Punch* artist.

To anyone scanning the drawings (and I can conceive no more enjoyable way of passing a wet afternoon in a country house than working one's way through old bound *Punches* of the du Maurier period) it must seem inevitable that this man should in time have become a novelist. In fact, the novelist is present all the time in the creator of Sir Gorgias Midas, Mrs. Leo Hunter, the Ponsonby de Tomkins, and others: his is a story-telling rather than purely visual view of life. I imagine there must be a time in the life of every fully-creative artist when his own, now official, medium begins to feel insufficient—the painter then wants to write, the writer to paint, the musician to feel his fingertips on the sculptor's wet clay. In the case of du Maurier the overflow, in his later years, must have been a necessity. As a popular celebrity he had been everywhere in London, seeing twice the ordinary man sees out of his brilliant one eye—but it was not his maturity, but rather his youth, with its lyricisms, which obsessed him. And his youth was Paris.

PARIS, therefore, provides the most vivid emotional parts of the three novels. Old Passy, a Passy of houses in gardens, gated parks, flowering avenues, verging upon a sweet and hauntable region of woods and pools, is the scene of the childhood in *Peter Ibbetson*; the disappearance of all this is the shock of the book—the hero returns, twelve years later, to find every landmark gone, replaced by harsh modern buildings and bleak, unfamiliar streets. (Many of us, no doubt, have seen or are to see this happen to loved places, in which our very existences seem to have had their roots. Is that what makes *Peter Ibbetson*, as a novel, the *cri du cœur* of to-day?)

Oh, surely, surely, I cried to myself, we ought to find some means of possessing the past more



Fayer  
Ernest Thesiger the actor, now appearing in Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" at Wyndham's Theatre, where he first played in 1909

NOVELS OF GEORGE DU MAURIER," another "Pilot Omnibus" (Pilot Press; 16s.), has two Introductions, one by John Masefield, O.M., one by Daphne du Maurier, and contains *Peter Ibbetson*, *Trilby* and *The Martian*. Du Maurier's own illustrations—inseparable, for all right-minded people, from the stories—very properly accompany the text.

This stout scarlet book with its large print will, I imagine, be welcomed by two groups of readers—those glad to renew the pleasures of early days, and those who, either by accident or by aberration, have not so far happened to read "a du Maurier." I myself belong to the latter class—how it came that at least the world-famous *Trilby* remained unknown to me I cannot say. The loss, however, might be said to have been made doubly good now—it is something to have these extraordinary works of imagination come fresh to one far on in one's own somewhat jaded reading life.

All three of the novels in this Omnibus seem to me to have the predominating quality of youthfulness; each turns upon a character or characters who never grow old, who sacrifice to the exigencies of life neither bright vision, high hope, nor the delicate, innocent sharpness of their sensations. Yet the first of them, *Peter Ibbetson*, was written when George du Maurier was already well into middle age; and the last, *The Martian*, was published some months after his death at sixty-three. The experiences of a vigorous, crowded lifetime had gathered round, though not dimmed, the bright central germinal spark of youth. And may it not be this—this fact that experience in the more sober sense is present—that gives the novels validity for the older reader? I doubt whether one can enter into the spirit of pure, un-weighted fantasy when one is other than very young.

WHEN du Maurier first took up the pen to write, he had been for thirty years a recognised, and for the later of these years a brilliantly successful, artist—the great du Maurier of *Punch*. Smiling and far-ranging social satirist, he was the creator of "the du Maurier woman"—that goddesslike beauty of the wide brows and moulded figure, who, indeed, is renewing her image in the expensive, idealistic new fashions of to-day—how difficult to look like a du Maurier woman when you do not feel like one! In the description of the Duchess of Towers, in *Peter Ibbetson*, we have, it would seem to me, "the du Maurier woman" for the first time in words instead of line.

She was so tall that her eyes seemed almost on a level with mine, but she moved with the alertness and grace of a small person. Her thick, heavy hair was of a coppery brown; her complexion clear and pale, her eyebrows and eyelashes black, her eyes a light bluish-grey. Her nose was short and sharp and rather tilted at the tip, and her red mouth large and very mobile; and here, deviating from my preconceived ideal, she showed me how tame a preconceived ideal can be. Her perfect head was small, and round her long, thick throat two slight creases ran, to make what French sculptors call *le collier de*



fully and completely than we do. Life is not worth living for many of us if a want so desperate and yet so natural can never be satisfied. Memory is but a poor rudimentary thing that we had better be without, if it can only lead us to the verge of a consummation like this, and madden us with a desire it cannot slake. The touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still, the tender grace of a day that is dead, should be ours forever, at our beck and call, by some exquisite and quite conceivable illusion of the senses.

Elsewhere—

Evidently our brain contains something akin to both a photographic plate and a phonograph cylinder, and many other of the same things not yet discovered; not a sight or a sound or a smell is lost; not a taste or a feeling or an emotion. Unconscious memory records them all, without even heeding what goes on around us beyond the things that attract our immediate interest or attention.

More sophisticated literary artists than du Maurier—most notably Proust—have been fascinated by this idea, have explored it, have built works of art round it. In *Peter Ibbetson*, the means of "possessing the past" is found: Peter and the Duchess of Towers (who turns out to have been the unbeautiful little crippled girl of the old Passy days) meet in what is literally a dream life, night after night, and as lovers—who have in "real" life only met two or three times—re-inhabit the old scenes. That Peter, in "real" life, spends twenty-five years of this time in prison, serving a life-sentence for the slaying of a detestable relative, is indifferent to him. . . . There is a sublimity about this book which makes one ashamed of noting its occasional absurdities.

*Trilby* is, I should say, rather more a book to have grown up with—as I imagine most people have. For my own part, I knew it so well by hearsay that I could have almost imagined I had read it. When I did read it, I was disappointed to find how seldom either *Trilby* or Svengali do actually appear, and how much we have of the "Three Musketeers of the Brush"—who, in spite of all temptations (comprised in the Paris *Vie de Bohème*), remain Englishmen. I found the hysterical Little Billee hard to take. However, in *Trilby* herself du Maurier created one of the grandest girls in fiction—and here, again, the idea of the novel is stupendous: no wonder *Trilby* captured the world! Mr. Masfield, in his Introduction, gives us a wonderful picture of the book's reception: "The world," he says, "was waiting for a book of this kind."

\* \* \*

"THE MARTIAN," again dealing with du Maurier's almost obsessing theme—the influence of mind on mind; or should one say soul on soul?—is the least satisfactory. The life of the hero, Barty Josselin, follows roughly the pattern of du Maurier's own: it is beneficently guided by the loving watchfulness of a woman in Mars.

Daphne du Maurier makes the interesting suggestion that Barty Josselin is the man that George du Maurier, in his secret heart, longed to have been. "Kicky" was of small stature, brown-haired and unremarkable; Barty Josselin was a broad-shouldered giant . . . a golden-haired Greek god. "Kicky" came of bourgeois parentage; Barty Josselin was the illicit offspring of a passionate love-affair between an English duke and a beautiful French maiden. "Kicky" was shy at school, and diffident; Barty Josselin was the darling of master and boy alike . . . "Kicky" could not tie up a parcel without fumbling with the string, Barty Josselin fought duels, boxed barges and had lovely Society women on their knees to marry him. . . . That "Kicky," however, had what he only just failed to depict in his Barty, genius, one cannot doubt when reading these *Novels of George du Maurier*.

THE TATLER is happy to commend a visit to *Anton's Amusement Arcade* (Collins; 6s.), which contains the cream of Messrs. Anton's masterly studies in British sangfroid. Readers will recall that many of these delicious inventions were first published in our own pages.



Angus McBean

Edith Coates, who takes the part of Maddalena in the Covent Garden production of *Rigoletto*, comes from Yorkshire. She won a scholarship at Trinity College of Music at the age of twelve, and four years later joined the Old Vic Company under the direction of Robert Atkins. After a year of playing in Shakespeare, she resumed her musical studies and sang at the opening of Sadler's Wells in 1931, remaining there until she joined the Covent Garden Opera Company last year. She is married to Powell Lloyd, the actor, and lives in Hampstead, and collects ear-rings



*West—Longton*

*Mr. John West, younger son of the late Dr. L. West and Mrs. West, of the Priest's House, Broxbourne, married Miss Eleanor Barbara Longton, youngest daughter of Capt. F. P. Longton and the late Mrs. Longton, of Springle House, Hailey Lane, Hertford, at Holy Trinity, Brompton*



*Rickards—Constable*

*Mr. John Anthony Rickards, son of Mr. Jack Rickards, of Maston Meysey Manor, Cricklade, married Miss June Constable, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Constable, of Gazle Slope, Pilldown, Sussex, at Fletching Church*



*Stockley—Anguiz*

*Mr. Henry James Stockley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stockley, of 30, Eresby House, Rutland Gate, S.W.7, married Miss Rosita Maria Francisca Anguiz, youngest daughter of Capt. F. Anguiz, of New Orleans, Louisiana, at Holy Trinity, Brompton*



*Page Wood—Tothill*

*Capt. Matthew Page Wood, Coldstream Guards, younger son of Cdr. Sir John Page Wood (R.N., ret'd.) and Lady Page Wood, married Miss Betsann Tothill, daughter of Lt.-Col. F. C. D. Tothill, of 9, Adelaide Crescent, Hove, and of Lady Cynthia Tothill, at Holy Trinity, Brompton*

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



*Prior—Honywood*

*Mr. Paul Anthony Prior, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Prior, of Auteuil, Paris, married Miss Rosamund Iseult Mary Honywood, elder daughter of Col. Sir William and Lady Honywood, of Twinstead Manor (Essex), near Sudbury, Suffolk*



*Beamish—Melvill*

*Capt. John Beamish, M.C., the Royal Irish Fusiliers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Beamish, of 54c, Cornwall Gardens, London, married Miss Chloe Melvill, daughter of the late Col. J. L. Melvill and of Mrs. Hugh Woodward*





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For a last moment she looked—  
calmly, appraisingly—at her image in the  
mirror ; and was satisfied ;  
and went on, secure in beauty, to  
an evening of triumph.



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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Southorn-Laws

**Miss Jean Rosemary Webb**,  
younger daughter of Mr. and  
Mrs. Kenneth Webb, of Hopton  
Court, Alfrick, Worcestershire,  
and Rhosneigr, Anglesey, who is  
engaged to Mr. David Stewart  
Walde, M.C., younger son of  
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Walde, of  
Norton Manor, Blackmore, Essex



Vivienne

**Miss Carmen Ross-Munro**,  
only daughter of Mr.  
and Mrs. William Ross Munro,  
of 53c Cornwall Gardens,  
London, S.W.7, who is to  
marry Major A. de V. Gibson,  
the Durham Light Infantry,  
of Upton Lodge, Blewbury,  
Berkshire



Mudford, Tiverton

**Miss Margaret Mansfield**,  
eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J.  
Mansfield, of Beauchamp House,  
Washfield, Tiverton, Devon, who is  
engaged to Mr. John H. Farwell,  
of Selati Estate, N. Transvaal, only  
son of Brig. G. A. L. Farwell, M.C.,  
and Mrs. Farwell, of Hillsborough.  
Tiverton, Devon



Bowley, Tunbridge Wells

**Miss Rosemary McLean  
Mann**, elder daughter of Mr. and  
Mrs. Cyril Mann, of Vicars  
Mead, East Budleigh, Devon,  
who is engaged to Dr. Geoffrey  
Wetherell, Squadron Leader  
R.A.F., youngest son of Mr.  
and Mrs. A. Wetherell, of  
Wirral, Cheshire



Cyril Howe

**Miss Margaret Priscilla  
Jones**, only daughter of Mr.  
and Mrs. W. A. Jones, whose  
marriage will take place on the  
twelfth of this month to Mr.  
Guy J. Livingston Hamilton,  
R.A.M.C., younger son of Dr.  
and Mrs. J. Hamilton



**Miss Janet Patricia Archer**,  
only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. B.  
Archer, of The Leys, Amberley,  
Gloucestershire, whose engagement has  
recently been announced to Captain  
Timothy Holland Kindersley, younger  
son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Kindersley  
of 18 The Circus, Bath, Somerset



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KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR

Rita Hayworth in "DOWN TO EARTH"  
A Columbia Picture

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New fashion  
in Lip  
Make-up

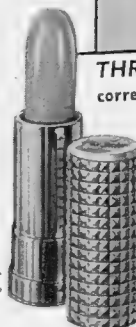
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BLUE RED No. 3	ROSE RED No. 3	
BROWNETTES . .	CLEAR RED No. 2	
BLUE RED No. 2	ROSE RED No. 2	
REDHEADS . . .	CLEAR RED No. 1	
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A cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' at bedtime will help to give you the right kind of sleep. Its soothing influence does much to induce sleep and it provides concentrated, easily digestible nutriment to restore the nerves and rebuild strength and energy.

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# Ovaltine

P.6891

Utility - made lovelier by Pringle

Lovely Anne Crawford, famous British film star of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation, wears the famed Utility Set designed by "Pringle of Scotland."

## Pringle of Scotland

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# Oliver Sturges on FLYING

WHETHER Clement Ader flew for the first time in a heavier-than-air machine, under its own power, in October 1890 is really a matter of definition. There were four witnesses and all agreed that the *Eole*, as Ader named his machine, left the ground for fifty metres. A year afterwards it made another, rather longer flight. Those two flights are as well attested as the military trials of Ader's *Avion* in 1897; but the question is, were they "flights"?

It is a question of control. Was the *Eole* under control? Or did it merely make a hop? It was an excellent piece of designing for its day and the small steam engine which Ader had constructed was a veritable masterpiece. It weighed only about 6½ lb. per horse power which was then a record in lightness.

Personally I fear that the judgment of history will reject Ader's claim to have been the first man to fly. It will argue that the 1890 achievements were hops and not real flights and that the evidence about what happened at the 1897 trials is too conflicting. Most important of all, Ader's work was not directly followed up; it did not lead in an unbroken line to any successful heavier-than-air aircraft. Nevertheless Ader's work was of great importance and it is good to see that it has this year been appropriately commemorated.

## Salesmen Abroad

WHEN Lord Nuffield is moved to speak in public, he is always worth listening to attentively. I remember a famous occasion at an Olympia motor show when he asked newspaper men to assemble because he had something to say. When they went they did not expect a "story," but they got one, and a very big one, for Lord Nuffield spoke his mind about certain events in a manner few public men find the courage to do.

The other day I had a letter from him which was also outspoken. It referred to the "thousands of Britons

occupying important administrative positions in Government and business offices all over the world, far too many of whom can be seen driving about in foreign cars." "Is this quite fair," asks Lord Nuffield, "when they are dependent, in the ultimate issue, on the sound economy and prosperity of their home land?"

I must say that it does not seem fair. But there is a new element to be taken into account. The home market is being virtually suspended by Government action and that means that the bulk of constructive criticism which came from the home market will also be silenced. How are we then to know in the future which car is distinctively British (that is, which one has the approval of British people in their home land) and which is not?

My belief, as one with no professional training in economics, is that to ask for exports without a home market, is like asking for the flower without the roots. I believe that present policy in motor cars and in aeroplanes is profoundly wrong and that we cannot recover while it prevails. Clearly it is a help if British people abroad insist on buying and using British cars; but in the end I feel that they will want the backing of a good home market.

## Unorthodox Aerocar

ONE of the pleasant surprises of Radlett was the Portsmouth Aerocar. The design seemed attractive; but it broke away from the conventional pattern in so many respects that few people believed that the Aerocar would be ready in time to give demonstration flights. In fact its demonstration flights were impressive.

And now I hear that A. and A. Services have become the distributors of the Aerocar for the south part of England. I hope that presages sales. But how, and to whom? Here is a design which offers motor car conditions in an aeroplane. It ought to have a chance to ask for the approval of the public. Unless

## FOR YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD

Here at home would-be readers of THE TATLER may meet with difficulties in placing their order; but THE TATLER is also an export. Your friends overseas can be supplied without delay. What better Christmas Gift? Subscription rates on application to: The Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

it can do so we have no means of telling whether the unconventional features are right or wrong.

Here again, in the small aeroplane field, then, we find the same problem as in the motor car field: Can an aircraft be sold abroad, can it gain favour and sufficient renown to attract buyers abroad, without first being allowed to win favour at home? I leave the answer to the professional pundits.

## Parachutes for Passengers

SOME time ago—after a longish period of sitting on the fence—I made up my mind about the provision of parachutes for those on board transport air liners. I decided that all air liners ought to carry parachutes for all occupants.

My remarks brought a good many comments, but in spite of some criticisms I still believe that all public transport aeroplanes ought to carry parachutes for all the occupants. I do not expect that the saving of life would be very great; but I think that there would be a saving of life. My views find confirmation in the early reports of the accident at Bryce Canyon on the 24th October.

According to these, there would have been time to save at least twenty or thirty of those on board, if not all fifty-two of them, had the aircraft carried parachutes. The parachutes could be the chair type, and—if thought advisable—could be static line operated. The crew would simply have to attach the lines and push the people out one by one.

Parachutes for passenger aeroplanes will come. It would be sound to start fitting them to British machines now.

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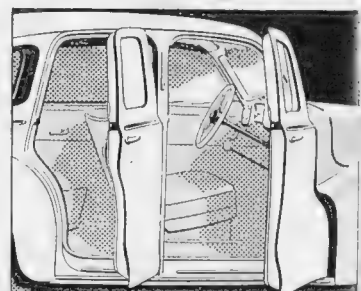


## First details of the entirely new 'A40' DEVON

Here are some of the details motorists have been waiting for since the announcement on Oct. 1st of the new Austin 'A40'. Overhead-valve engine, independent front suspension, box-section cross-braced frame, provision for radio and interior heating—these are some of the outstanding new features. There are two models: the 4-door Devon (shown above) and the 2-door Dorset.

### SPECIFICATION

Four-cylinder overhead-valve engine, 1,200 c.c. (40 b.h.p.), water pump and fan with thermostat control, 12 volt coil ignition, Borg and Beck clutch. Spiral-bevel three-quarter floating rear axle, gear ratios 21.9, 13.2, 8.3 and 5.4 to 1, with 28.0 in reverse. Cam gear variable ratio steering, anti-roll torsion bar, Girling hydraulic and mechanical brakes. Pistol-grip handbrake, bonnet lock inside dash.



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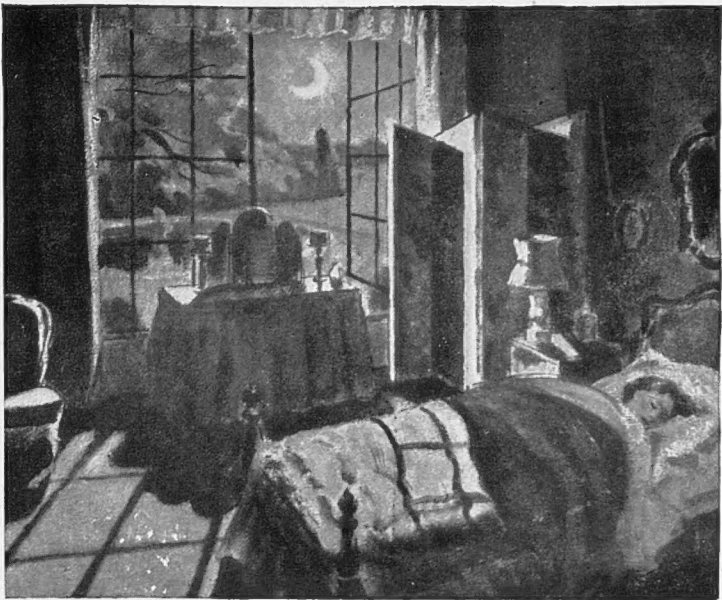
She still has many more essential calls to make and she can't afford to waste time or risk travelling delays. District Nurses, like all whose motoring is necessary, need reliable transport to help them to carry out their urgent duties. With a Ford they can count on Ford Service Facilities everywhere. All Ford Dealers and their Dagenham-trained mechanics, are equipped to deal quickly with maintenance, and repairs at low fixed prices. That's why a Ford is always ready, day and night, to provide the essential motoring for the people whose duties are vital to our national recovery

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FOR THE PREVENTION & TREATMENT OF COLDS

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How excited and pleased she'll be at getting a Hoover Cleaner. Hours of back-aching drudgery saved every week for years to come, better health, greater happiness. It is the World's Best Cleaner! The latest streamlined models—with all modern refinements—are still available at pre-war prices. Ask your Authorised Hoover Dealer to give you a demonstration. There is a model for every size and type of home.

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in Black or Brown

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Nufix—a quality product at a popular price. Its base contains vegetable oil—a safeguard against scalp dryness—also other beneficial ingredients of proved value adding lustre to the hair. Nufix does not contain Gum, Starch or Soap. A single application keeps the hair tidy all day without hardness or deposit.

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THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LTD. EDINBURGH AND LONDON

B16



Say goodbye to that tired old tooth brush of yours and say hello to a brand new Tek! For Tek is back in the chemists' shops—ask for one firmly and don't take no for an answer.

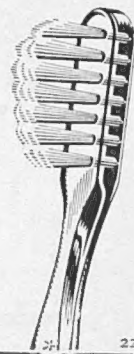
**Tek**  
TOOTHBRUSHES

MEDIUM  
HARD • EXTRA HARD

In Bristle or in Nylon

Made and guaranteed by

Johnson & Johnson  
TOOTH & GARDRAVE



WHAT'S IT TO BE?  
**VAMOUR FOR ME!**



Says **WILFRED PICKLES**

Popular Radio & Stage Star

"The one drink I enjoy most in the week is a Gin & Vamour with the wife in the kitchen on Sunday morning. My advice is 'Have a go!'"

Vamour Vermouth is blended from the finest high strength imported wines and health giving herbs. From stores and wine merchants 18/6 per bottle.

**THE BEST YOU CAN BUY — SWEET OR DRY**  
Vamour (Regd. Trade Mark) Produced by Vermouthiers (London) Ltd., Ibex House, Minorities, E.C.

V.V.T.D

**SEAGERS**



**GIN**

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE  
25/3 per bottle.



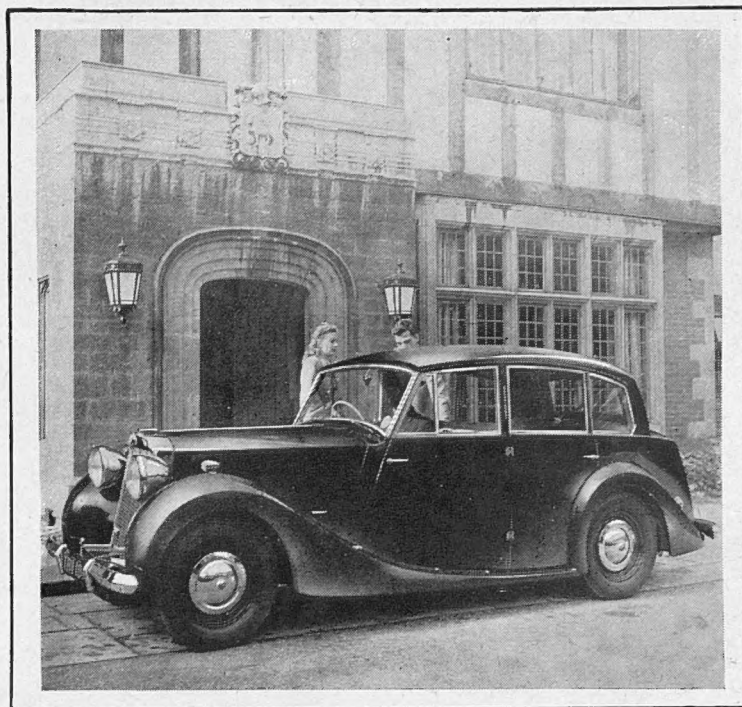


*I am the mother of two boys  
and a girl and they're three fine  
reasons why I'll buy KIA-ORA  
when it becomes available.*

*I certainly remember its graceful  
bottle and the healthful  
goodness that came out of it.*

## KIA-ORA

A REFRESHING THOUGHT: KIA-ORA MEANS GOOD HEALTH



## THE TRIUMPH

'1800' SALOON



THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

LONDON: STANDARD HOUSE, 37 DAVIES STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 5011

TRIUMPH CARS • FERGUSON TRACTORS • STANDARD CARS

## WETHERDAIR

*the Impeccable*

## WEATHER COAT

If the cut could be copied and the tailoring matched, the coat would still remain exclusive for the cloth is a special WETHERDAIR weave

IN LIMITED SUPPLY FROM THE FINEST SHOPS

WETHERDAIR LIMITED  
BRADFORD & LONDON

WET...WETHER...WETHERDAIR



*Phillips' Texture and Cleansing Creams containing  
★ 'Milk of Magnesia' refine  
and beautify the skin . . .  
Limited supplies are available.*



## PHILLIPS' Magnesia CREAMS

★ 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia



THE  
COOLIE  
SUIT

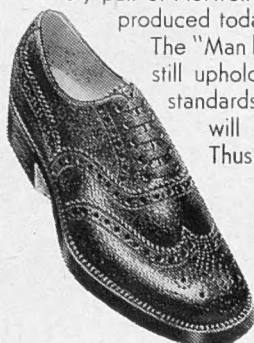
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from Leading Fashion Houses or  
**LILLA SMOCKS LTD.**  
7 LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE  
Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1  
Phone: V.I.C. 7751  
Catalogue M.14 sent on receipt 2d.

*Thoroughbreds*

The pure strain of thorough craftsmanship is to be found in every pair of Norwell boots and shoes produced today.

The "Man behind the Boot" still upholds the hereditary standards laid down by the founder and no circumstances will permit them to be altered. Thus you are assured of Norwell



**Norwell's**  
PERTH

TRUST THE MAN



*Quality*  
Write today to the "Man  
behind the Boot"  
PERTH FOOTWEAR LTD.  
SCOTLAND

BEHIND THE BOOT

**PEDLAR BRAND**



*Liqueur*  
**SLOE GIN**





# Haig

*No finer Whisky  
goes into any bottle*

## Plan Your Travel

*Here are a few hints to  
help you —*

**Take tickets in advance** ; it saves everybody's time on the day.

**Travel light.** Send heavy luggage in advance.

**Label all luggage clearly.** Put an extra addressed label inside.

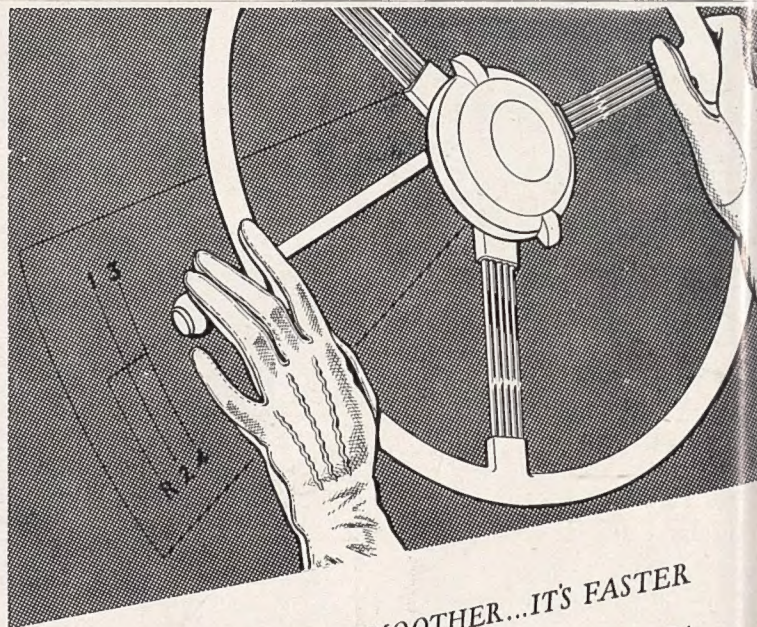
**Seats can be reserved in advance** on certain long-distance express trains from and to London (Paddington, Euston, King's Cross, Liverpool Street, Charing Cross, Waterloo and Victoria) ; fee 1/- per seat. Application to be made in person or by letter (enclosing appropriate fee).

*Travel Mid-week  
if possible*

GWR • LMS



LNER • SR



IT'S LIGHTER...IT'S SMOOTHER...IT'S FASTER  
**SYNCHROMATIC**  
THE NEW FINGER-TIP GEAR CHANGE  
NOW FEATURED ON THE  
**HUMBER HAWK**

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